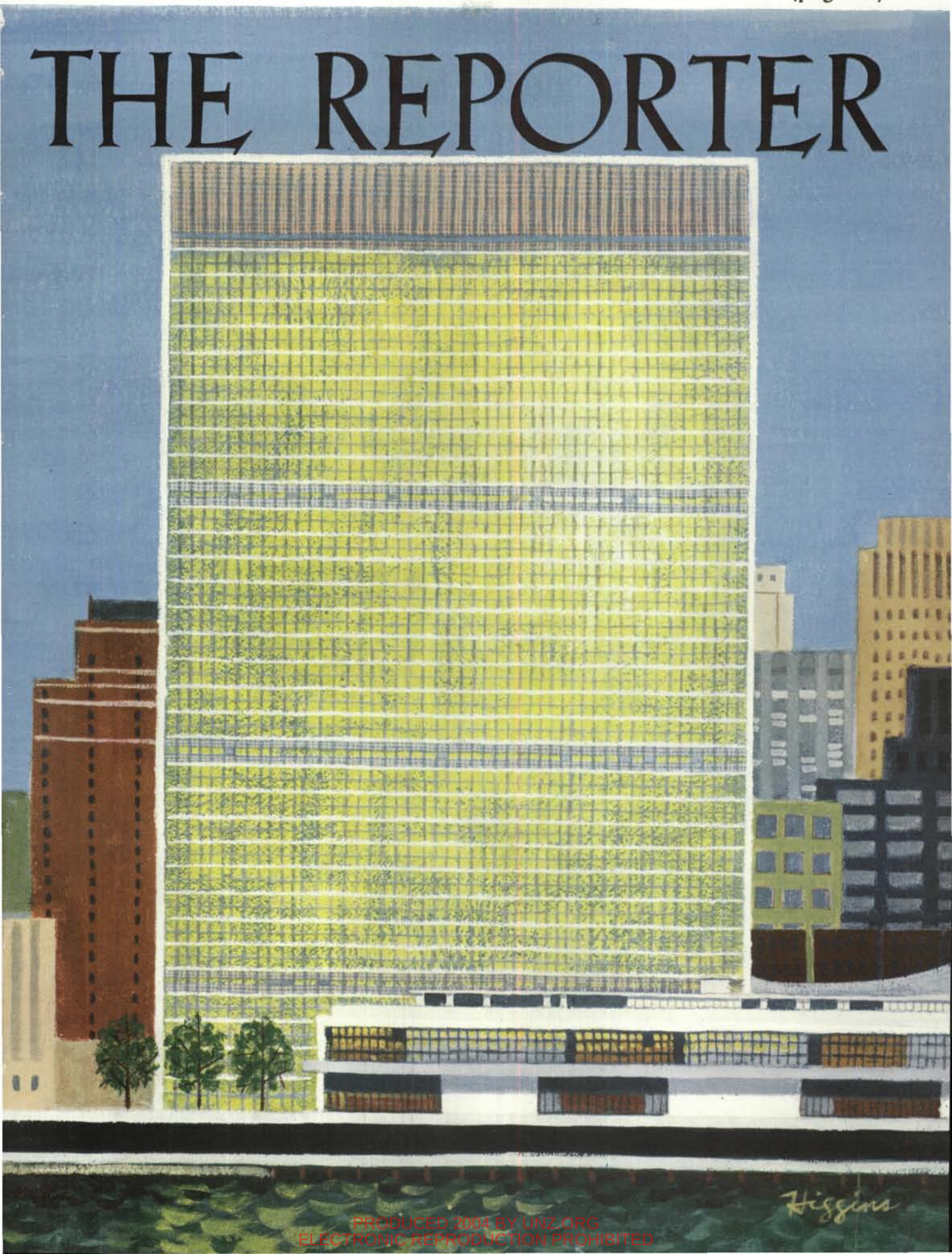
Arabs, Israel, and the Threat of War

December 15, 1955 25¢

Jules Moch on Disarmament (page 23)

THE REPORTER



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christmas Seals are everybody's gift. They're given by most people—and everyone, all mankind, benefits. The money which you give for Christmas Seals fights tuberculosis year-round. And TB is everybody's problem. In America it strikes one person every five minutes . . . and every twenty-seven minutes someone dies from TB. So when you send your holiday cards and packages, take the extra trouble to make each one a double gift that works for everybody. Buy and use Christmas Seals.

Buy and use Christmas Seals

—THE REPORTER

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looks like a "Black & White" Christmas

BLACK & WHITE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Baedeker for Bolsheviks

Although Soviet intransigence kept the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference from getting anywhere with the subject of East-West cultural and informational exchange, Iron Curtain visitors ranging from journalists and agronomists to grain-seed buyers from Romania and one of the world's outstanding violinists have been coming to this country in an intermittent trickle.

What they see here is presumably as interesting to them as what they later say about it is intriguing to us. So we were somewhat disappointed the other day when the head of a delegation of Soviet engineers, here to view our advances in automation, remarked on leaving, "The most interesting is that we did not see what we wanted to see." To the New York *Times* reporter who sounded the engineers out, it seemed that their American tour had been impeded less by security considerations than by red tape and "perhaps a lack of understanding" on the part of the State Department.

This has set us to thinking about the whole subject of what would be good for our eastern guests to see here, red tape or no. Perhaps the State Department has been treating these trans-Curtain visitors as just regular tourists. They have seen the Statue of Liberty, the Stock Exchange in action, New York's City Hall, and, to the westward, model assembly plants, model farms, and model corn-fed Iowa families who bake a model pie. All this is well and good, and it doesn't come anywhere near even one Nike site along the way, let alone Los Alamos. But is this kind of tour designed to give these not-so-friendly foreigners even a remote idea of what this country is? We wonder, and we hate to think that the State Department has set out to run a sort of Intourist Bureau.

Suppose that with all respect to the Statue of Liberty and the River Rouge plant, we steered such visitors as we hope to influence around a slightly wider orbit, possibly varying it each time. Take them, for instance, to a political clambake in Brooklyn, or a Chinese laundrymen's banquet on Mott Street, or an Irish wake in Jersey. Take them to a Methodist church supper in Keokuk, and a Southern Baptist immersion rite down along the Yazoo delta. When there's talk of American culture, let them sit in on a seminar at the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, and let them interview men like George Marshall and Learned Hand. When demonstrating our free press, show them not just the New York *Times* city room but also the heated disputations at the bar of the Artists and Writers Restaurant (formerly Club) on 40th Street. When it comes to progress, let them take in not only automation but also an evening of Edgar Varese's revolutionary "music," with its deafening sounds resembling a thousand riveters. That will set them literally on ear. Continue to show them the Capitol dome, by all means, but also give them the opportunity of seeing how many and how different Americas there are—somehow miraculously harmonized—in this one country of ours.

ANIMAL BEHAVIORISM

"An experiment at the Korinth Agricultural School has shown that if pigs get eight shots a day of Danish potato whisky they 'acquire an optimistic view of life.' A teacher at the school said the pigs develop a strong liking for alcohol and get very cheerful."—New York Herald Tribune

It only takes a swig
To sublimate a pig,
An alcoholic swill
Is now his greatest thrill,
An intermittent swallow
Far better than a wallow,
A tighter-curling tail
His signal of wassail,
The optimistic view
Engendered by it too.
To keep him in the pink
There's nothing like a drink,
To tenderize his ham
There's nothing like a dram.
Oh happy, happy swine,
Our brothers in decline!

—SEC

And Yet It Worked

The first pronouncements of the White House Conference on Education reminded us of the many dreary hours we have spent in such conferences, our name tag awry, mimeographed papers lying about the room, composing flat words and ideas at late-night drafting committees, slurring over the important differences, trying to cover everybody's point, and rushing it all to the mimeograph machine. We had read, of course, about the special method this White House Conference was using: The delegates were divided into 166 groups of ten to twelve, and then the 166 chairmen of these groups gathered into sixteen new groups, and then—you know what's next?—the sixteen chairmen met in two more groups to write the statements. It seemed to us a pyramided monument to the "group process" idea of democracy, which assumes that if you get people divided up and talking, talking, talking, in groups, groups, groups, then something will happen. But not so much that it can't all be gathered together nicely by the chairman's little summary.

We telephoned a man at the conference and he said we were only partly right. It sure is a conference,

THE REPORTER, December 15, 1955, Volume 13, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published every other Thursday, except for omission of two summer issues, by The Reporter Magazine Company, 136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. Copyright 1955 by The Reporter Magazine Company. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription price, United States, Canada, and U.S. Possessions: One year $5, Two years $8, Three years $10. All other countries: One year $6, Two years $10, Three years $13. Please give four weeks' notice when changing your address, giving old and new addresses. Indexed in *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service*

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and like other conferences only more so. What the organizing group decides beforehand is mighty important in determining what comes out at the end; the educators most fluent in the lingo are chosen to do the drafting, and since they have written on the subject before, their drafts may sound like something we have heard before. Our informant did hear many delegates say they "don't think there will be many world-shaking ideas," and he kept hearing the word "rehash."

But all this standard fooferaw of conferences, he said, didn't tell the whole story. The fears, for example, that Federal aid to education wouldn't be discussed turned out to be wholly unfounded. Federal aid *was* discussed and given a more than 2-1 endorsement. And there was something about the earnestness of the delegates, jammed into hot rooms, crowded around the noisy tables, talking and working until late at night, that made one realize that something more was happening than any pronouncement could reveal or any mechanics obstruct or any professionals dominate. Maybe a really big discussion of education is going on—not just at the White House but in every city and town in the United States.

The Silent Treatment

When the Senate Judiciary Committee set up a subcommittee on Constitutional Rights headed by Senator Thomas C. Hennings (D., Missouri) to have a look at some of the abuses that have grown up as a result of the national preoccupation with security, we thought it was news of the man-bites-dog variety.

Soon the subcommittee fell on hard times, with some pretty lively staff disputes erupting into print and a false start in the investigation of religious freedom that had to be abruptly canceled. But the subcommittee managed to hang together, and started a series of hearings in mid-November that threw a revealing light on the erosion of our traditional liberties that has gone on under the name of security. On successive days it looked into the promiscuous denial of passports by the State Department, the misuse of the Attorney General's subversive list by

"When will Daddy come?"

Sul Ja wants her daddy. Every day she looks for him. Every day she asks her mother, "When will Daddy come?" Sul Ja is only four years old. How can her mother explain why Daddy doesn't come—that he still is a prisoner of the Communists in North Korea, that he may even be dead?

Sul Ja's mother doesn't say these things. Like Sul Ja, she hopes that her husband *will* come back some day. In the meantime she struggles desperately to keep her little family together. In war-torn Seoul, where thousands of refugees strive to rebuild their lives, the young mother runs a roadside stand—and makes $10 a month! This does little more than pay the rent, let alone meet the needs of a growing child like Sul Ja. With Korea's bitter winter here, her plight is still more precarious.

HOW YOU CAN HELP SUL JA

You can help Sul Ja or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of Save the Children Federation. By undertaking a sponsorship, you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies and other essentials for "your" child. The cost is only $120 a year, just $10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family, so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of friendship and understanding.

Founded in 1932, SCF helps children through individual sponsorships in Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, and Korea. It is registered under No. VFA031 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Department of State.

A contribution in any amount will help

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS *(a partial list)*

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, James A. Farley, Lynn Fontanne, Herbert Hoover, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Thomas J. Watson, Mrs. Wendell L. Willkie

SCF SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION Established 1932
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

- I would like to sponsor a child in ☐ Finland, ☐ France, ☐ Western Germany, ☐ Greece, ☐ Korea, ☐ or where the need is greatest. I will pay $120.00 for one year. Enclosed is payment for ☐ full year, ☐ $30 for first quarter, ☐ $10 for first month. Please send me the child's name, story, and picture.
- I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving $.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Contributions to the Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

RE-11

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"ALLAN TEMKO TURNS THE STONES OF NOTRE-DAME INTO FLESH AND BLOOD; AND THE STORY OF ITS BUILDING BECOMES A VERITABLE BIOGRAPHY OF THE MEDIEVAL FRENCH SOUL"

—LEWIS MUMFORD

NOTRE-DAME OF PARIS

by Allan Temko

A magnificently illustrated life-story of the world's best-loved cathedral. $6.75

THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48 St., N. Y. 17

His last . . .
and greatest . . . book

WALTER WHITE

"One of the most buoyant and brilliant as well as one of the most heartfelt of American testaments . . . a book for all the world to read."—*N. Y. Times*

A great leader's final estimate of the march he led and the distance yet to go. In it, he sums up the Negro's positive gains in the last 15 years in education, voting power, the Armed Services, sports, employment, and housing. The challenging story of one of the most remarkable advances in human history. $3.50

HOW FAR THE PROMISED LAND?

THE VIKING PRESS
New York 17

PRELIMINARY BOUTS

ERIC SEVAREID

Nobody's doing very much right now in either political party, so everybody's talking. It's not always true that there's more than meets the eye in the talk of politicians; sometimes there s less than meets the eye. But there is more than meets the eye in the current squabbling among Democratic leaders and the current Republican maneuvers around that objective labeled "Ike in 1956."

Democrats right now are enjoying their favorite indoor sport of punching one another—a quadrennial exercise they go through apparently to keep in training for the main event later with their Republican opponents.

Presidential hopefuls like Governor Harriman of New York and Governor Williams of Michigan are nipping sharply at the heels of Adlai Stevenson, hoping to find the spot that was fatal to the legendary Achilles. This is what usually happens to a candidate who gets out in front early in the game. Stevenson had used in his Chicago speech the word "moderation," on which Eisenhower had already staked a Republican claim, and which, therefore, has become a dirty word in the minds of more leftward Democrats like Harriman and Williams. There's no such word as moderation, said Harriman, in the bright lexicon of his party. And Williams announced that Stevenson's semantics had produced in him a condition short of a thrombosis but serious—his heart was made sick, he said. So Stevenson, accused by the Republicans of being a left-wing A.D.A. extremist, is now accused by his fellow Democrats of being too conservative.

There is more behind all this than an attempt merely to force Stevenson on a more leftward course, more than a calculation that the militant New Deal Harriman line fits the majority feeling of the country's Democrats. The evidence is against that anyway. The latest Gallup Poll, for example, shows that even union labor right now is far more for Stevenson than for Harriman. What both Harriman and Williams seem to be banking on is a long-shot gamble that their militancy will suit the national feeling by next summer. There's reason to think both men are keeping an eye not only on the farmer's plight, which gets worse not better, but also on automobile sales. They seem to think the crack-up may come there, the new cars selling so slowly that production will be cut, many people thrown out of work, and the back-up in orders begin that would reach back to steel and related industries. In other words, they seem to think there may be real economic distress by convention time.

As to the Republicans, it seems evident that they are engaged in a subtle psychological campaign to capture the President's mind. It is pretty well established, for example, that his doctors were willing to give the final verdict on his physical ability to run again much earlier than February. But the so-called palace guard at the White House talked them into a postponement. For a national reason—if Ike's decision were "No"—disintegrating forces within the team could be held off that much longer, and for a party reason they could use that time to show Eisenhower that he would be personally better off in the Presidency than in retirement. They would try to demonstrate to him first that many of the routine White House chores he chafes under could be removed from his load, and, so this analysis goes, they would also demonstrate to him by a stay at Gettysburg that he's not ready yet, emotionally, for a quiet farm life. They know their man; they know he must constantly move and act, that he quickly suffers claustrophobia in confinement. Republican Chairman Hall now says the decision must be postponed still further to March.

In the firm conviction of many observers, this is part of the over-all strategy to bring about a decision in the affirmative.

(From a broadcast over CBS Radio)

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

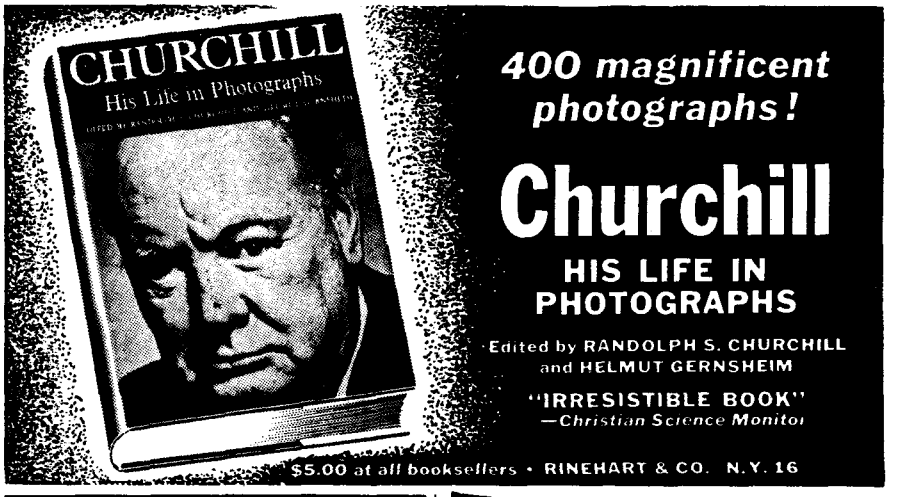
various public and private organizations, miscarriage of justice in the military and industrial security programs, and, not least, the numbers racket of the Administration in its publicizing of government security-risk dismissals.

The procedure of the Hennings subcommittee, unlike that of others which have taken a passing glance at these matters, has been sensible and thorough. Competent students of the subject presented sober analyses; various case histories of abuse were examined in considerable detail; finally, the responsible Administration officials were called to explain and defend faulty practices. The subcommittee's diligent staff counsel, Lon Hocker, did a skillful job of contrasting the denigrating treatment of individuals with the noble guarantees contained in the Bill of Rights. It resulted in some embarrassing revelations and promised reforms.

Civil Service Chairman Philip Young, for example, conceded that three-fourths of his much-touted totals of security-risk dismissals represented employees who had been fired for other stated reasons, then afterward lumped in with those removed on security charges. (Mr. Young has still failed to reveal how many were actually subversives and how many simply victims of human, and altogether American, frailties.)

In fact, Mr. Young's appearance revealed rather vividly a changed moral tone that has taken place in the nation's capital. He expressed himself as offended by the very term "security risk," forgetting that he himself had bandied it about rather freely a couple of years ago when it was customary practice to talk tough on these matters. "I am really very proud, I must say," said Mr. Young, pointing to a chart depicting turnover in personnel, "that there was only such a small percentage in which there was any fault involved."

ALL THIS, we thought, was news, especially in view of the attention given to the original hoopla over the security program. But except for the Washington newspapers and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the coverage given to the Hennings hearings proved to be a good deal less than copious. Most papers relegated the stories to the deep inside pages,


CHURCHILL
His Life in Photographs
400 magnificent photographs!
Churchill
HIS LIFE IN PHOTOGRAPHS
Edited by RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL and HELMUT GERNSHEIM
"IRRESISTIBLE BOOK"
—Christian Science Monitor
$5.00 at all booksellers • RINEHART & CO. N.Y. 16

OCCIDENTE

AN INTERNATIONAL REVIEW OF POLITICS AND SOCIETY

Published six times a year by an Anglo-Italian Editorial Board in English and Italian

In 1954 and 1955 OCCIDENTE published special issues and articles on:

INTELLECTUALS AND RULING CLASSES
THE ORIGINS OF FASCISM
THE CRISIS OF FRANCE
SOVIET SOCIETY

Special issues during 1956:

ITALIAN RULING CLASSES
CATHOLICS IN POLITICS
COMMUNIST PARTIES IN EASTERN EUROPE

Contributors include: Asa Briggs, Hans Kohn, Herbert Nicholas, James Joll, Max Salvadori.

$4 per year from

STECHERT-HAFNER INC.
31 East 10th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Here is a new way of looking at American politics—for 1956 and beyond.

There's more behind *The New American Right* than the traditional right wingers. In this incisive book, six of America's leading political and social observers analyze this strange alliance between old American families, the "new rich" and third generation ethnic groups.

Why did these people band together? What are their plans—and can they succeed? From its roots in contemporary social and economic tensions to its influence for 1956, here are the facts all liberals need to know about...

THE NEW AMERICAN RIGHT

The contributors: DANIEL BELL, Editor; RICHARD HOFSTADTER, DAVID RIESMAN, NATHAN GLAZER, PETER VIERECK, TALCOTT PARSONS, S. M. LIPSET.

$4.00 at all bookstores
CRITERION BOOKS, INC.
100 Fifth Avenue, New York

TWICE A YEAR

MEN OVER 45! ... Lung cancer, in men of your age, has increased so alarmingly in recent years that our doctors strongly recommend that you make a habit of having *two* chest x-rays every year: one, when you get your annual medical checkup; the other six months later.

Today, you are six times more likely to develop lung cancer than a man of your age twenty years ago. Our doctors still don't know *why* you are, but they *do* know that their chances of saving your life could be as much as ten times greater if they could only detect lung cancer "before it talks"... before you notice any symptoms whatsoever in yourself.

That's why we urge you and every man over forty-five to make semi-annual chest x-rays a habit—for *life*.

To see our lifesaving film, "The Warning Shadow," call the American Cancer Society office nearest you or simply write to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

American Cancer Society

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

except when Senator McCarthy, true to form, made a headline by charging that the subcommittee was trying to wage "jungle warfare" against the government security program. That expert in jungle warfare was enraged, he claimed, because Hennings was sitting as a one-man subcommittee.

But the saddest blow of all was administered by the New York *Times*. On November 28, as the first series of hearings was drawing to a close, the *Times* headlined its story TROUBLES BESET HENNINGS GROUP. The evidence adduced consisted of two items. One was that Lon Hocker, the counsel, was resigning after the hearings to take over as president of a Missouri insurance company. The other was that the controversial religious hearings had been called off. Both items had been known to Capitol Hill reporters for more than a month. Neither had affected the current hearings, or, for that matter, discouraged the long-range program of the subcommittee.

The *Times* story also mentioned that public apathy was a contributing cause to the subcommittee's troubles. Maybe the public caught its apathy from the newspapers.

Never Had It So Good

This Christmas, if you have $10,000 handy, you can buy the Ford Motor Company's Continental Mark II. For $125 you can also buy, from Abercrombie & Fitch, a unique new brass sundial that signals noonday with a toy cannonade ("Rays from the midday sun are concentrated by a magnifying glass to detonate powder charge in cannon"). Or there is the Zippo Lighter, priced up to $192.50 (". . . carries an unusual Zippo guarantee: If a Zippo *ever* fails to light, we fix it free"). And for your wife, if you want to "assure your beloved a lifetime of beauty" and "keep her forever youthful," there is Lennox All-Season Air Conditioning ("Keep her lovely *all* her days"—cost estimate free, says the ad). And for as little as $5, your beloved can have a jar of the new DuBarry Royal Treatment ("With Royal Jelly of the Queen Bee—this miraculous substance nourishes the Queen's youth and beauty . . . lengthens her lifespan").

As for the children, never before has so gala an array of toys been waiting to entrance them. What's more, there are now 104 different "Educator-Approved Prestige Toys," obtainable at stores that are members of the Toy Guidance Council, Inc., where you will find "Specially Trained Toy Consultants" to advise you. And "to make your holidays heavenly," there are now packaged "Flaming Ice Cream Snowballs" garnished with holly icing and "a candle that really lights," while the Campbell people are offering something called "Soup Nog."

Billboards carry the slogan "Families that pray together stay together," while a maker of parlor games emphasizes the theme "Families that play together stay together," and *McCall's* magazine, decked out with holly, emphasizes just "togetherness" ("when there are things to be bought, *togetherness* determines the kind of car or cake mix . . .").

Speaking of cars, never before have the new lines been so splendid, so fast, or, of course, so safe. There's Pontiac ("terrific thrust of 227 blazing horsepower . . . a torrent at your toe-tip"); Studebaker ("sensational new Skypower 275-hp. engine"); Ford ("mile-melting magic . . . split-second passing power"—and not overlooked, "Lifeguard cushioning" and seat belts to protect you if you crash).

PERHAPS most wonderful of all, in this magical Christmas, is something just put out by the Zenith television people called "Flash-Matic Tuning." When you buy Flash-Matic Tuning, you seat yourself in a chair opposite your TV set with something that looks like a small pistol in your hand and then —"Shoot off Annoying Commercials from Across Room with Flash of Magic Light . . . Flash Also Turns Set *On, Off,* Changes Channels."

What was that again? Yes, when you've had about enough of that spirit-lifting splendor and togetherness, you can just take aim at the fast-talking spieler, and zing! off goes the commercial. A gimmick to silence gimmicks!

"Here's one way to make this a Christmas your family will *never* forget!" exclaims Zenith, pushing its deadly little gun. Altogether, the consumer never had it so good.

CORRESPONDENCE

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS

To the Editor: "The Case of Roger Touhy," by Milton Mayer in *The Reporter* of November 17, 1955, is a very interesting story dealing with the Constitutional rights of an individual in our country. *The Reporter* has used nine full pages to describe this case and no doubt Roger Touhy will one day soon gain his freedom with a full pardon. This will be justice if the facts of the story can be upheld. The American individual's Constitutional rights should not be violated no matter who he is—not even the rights of Chicago's Roger Touhy.

What is even more important to me about this article, however, is the length to which we go to fight for an individual's rights under the law but at the same time as a nation keep our tongues in our cheeks when it concerns the Constitutional rights of an entire group of American citizens. We are living through a period when an entire section of our country is rising up to defy the Supreme Court of the United States in its interpretation of the laws of the land. Yet, even as Mississippi, South Carolina, Virginia, and other states seek technicalities by which to avoid their Constitutional responsibilities, the rest of us seem to be sitting on our hands about the whole matter—even quietly condoning this refusal of sovereign states to obey the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States. It is frightening to think of what could be the end result in our country if segments of our nation's population are allowed actively to violate the laws as stated in the Constitution.

LEWIS I. JEFFRIES
Detroit

ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM?

To the Editor: S. L. Solon's article on the Archbishop of Canterbury, published in *The Reporter* of November 17, whilst being for the most part an objective study of His Grace, is in some ways unsatisfactory. I refer particularly to the question of the Establishment of the Church of England.

Mr. Solon states, "The once lively controversy about the link between church and state in England is now dormant." This, sir, is not the case. The question of the Establishment is at present a subject of widespread interest. It is a question which recurs with monotonous regularity, and some time in the near future the Anglican Church and the State can be expected to give the matter considerable thought in an attempt to reach a more satisfactory state of affairs.

NEIL B. JOHNSON
Department of Natural Philosophy
St. Salvator's College
University of St. Andrews
St. Andrews, Fife, G.B.

FILIPINOS AND THE WEST

To the Editor: In his article on Indonesia in the November 17 issue of *The Reporter*, Peter Schmid states: "Indeed, there is no other people in Southeast Asia, including the Filipinos, whose intellectual leap into another world has been so sudden or has gone

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as far as the Indonesians." This is highly misleading as it conveys the impression that the Filipinos were almost as suddenly westernized as the Indonesians. To anyone who knows the Philippines, the idea is ridiculous. Western civilization and the Christian religion became part of the life of the Filipinos as a race about 250 years before the Americans occupied the Philippines in 1899. Public schools and private colleges conducted in the Spanish language were quite widely spread during that period. In fact, one university in Manila, Santo Tomás, was established years before Harvard.

With this western background, in 1899 the Filipinos held a convention and approved a modern constitution for a Philippine Republic. At that time Admiral Dewey, the American hero in the Spanish-American War, declared that the Filipinos then were better prepared for independence than the Cubans. When the U.S.A. established its control over the Philippines in 1899, it made use of thousands of qualified Filipinos as government officials, filling not only most municipal and provincial positions but also many of the high jobs in the national government, such as justices of the Supreme Court and as members of the Philippine Commission, which was first headed by William Howard Taft. In fact, the island's Chief Justice was a Filipino. Thus, democratic institutions of the American brand have been successfully operated in the Philippines during the last fifty-six years. Elections have been held every two or three years during all that period. There has never been an instance where a President of the Philippines had to be chosen by army officials or in any other way than by popular elections. More than four million men and women exercise the right of suffrage. The Australian ballot system, with its features of secrecy and privacy, has always been used.

Democratic practices and institutions are so well known in the Philippines that the country has been often referred to as "the show window of democracy in Asia." I do not believe Mr. Schmid can honestly refer to this record of the Philippines as a sudden "intellectual leap."

V. G. Sinco
Washington, D.C.

LABOR AS SPONSOR?

To the Editor: Marya Mannes, in her article "The Hot Documentary" (*The Reporter*, November 17), displays what seems to me a characteristic shortsightedness of the sort which sooner or later usually confounds the liberal approach to social problems.

Rather than despair over the unwillingness of commercial sponsors to stick their necks out for controversies that are often far from dear to their hearts, it is more to be wondered that businessmen from time to time do give support to causes that are either irrelevant or even prejudicial to their success.

By its very nature, the present type of commercial sponsorship of TV and radio avers that the dissemination of information and entertainment—if not the whole of contemporary American culture—is no more than a subsidiary function of the business community. And to date, so far as I know, the only alternative that has been proposed is the BBC-type state-operated communications system. Perhaps this might not be a bad idea, within limits—even the Soviet TV setup, from what I have heard, presents some excellent ballets and plays. But surely the disadvantages and dangers of state TV in areas of controversy are obvious.

Miss Mannes comes up, finally, with what seems to her a compromise between state and corporation—the nonprofit foundations. I submit that this idea is good so far as it goes, but that it doesn't go very far. The foundations, after all, are the creatures of the business community. I do not mean to imply that they are bought and paid for, or are mere "minions of Wall Street," or anything so crude. But their mental framework is of necessity delimited by their origin and by their founders' notions of purpose.

America prides itself on its freedom as stemming from open competition. History shows that the people have benefited most from fair and free struggle-of-interest between labor and capital. What better course, then, since there is no significant competition between business interests in TV programming, than for public-minded labor organizations like the CIO to sponsor controversial programs and appoint distinguished authors and scholars to shape their content? Labor is perhaps the only sizable force in the nation which has a vested interest in publicizing such things as the biographies of men like Roger Williams, Tom Paine, and Wendell Phillips, such events as the rise of the Ku Klux Klan, the conditions of labor as depicted at the turn of the century by Lincoln Steffens, Jack London, and Upton Sinclair, the exciting story of the Industrial Workers of the World, the rise of Bolshevism and Fascism, the Spanish Civil War, etc. How about it, Mr. Reuther?

William Robert Miller
New York

THE BARD

To the Editor: Your November 17 issue contains a delightful article "The Shakespeare Boom" by Robert Bingham. In the paragraph on legitimate stage activity, he lists among other places Eugene, Oreogn.

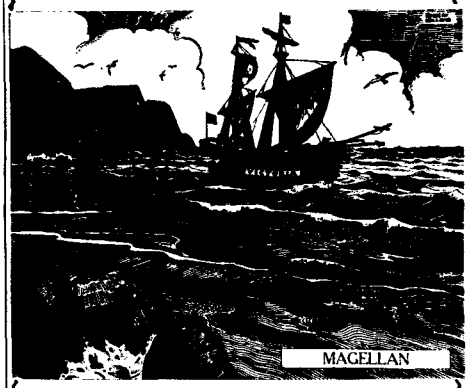
Ashland, Oregon, has for the last dozen years been the site of a constantly expanding Shakespearean Festival season, which ran last summer all during the month of August. Ashland is the home of Southern Oregon College of Education, whose Professor Angus Bowmer has been the directing genius of the Festival year after year. So far as I know, the University of Oregon at Eugene has done no special work with Shakespeare.

Alice B. Plympton
Corvallis, Oregon

To the Editor: I would like to thank Mr. Bingham for his views on Shakespeare. In spite of the refreshingly modest tone (why is it that Shakespeare so frequently inspires pronunciamentos?), his article is altogether brilliant, and, despite its being ostensibly pegged to a current theatrical trend, the conclusion in his final paragraph is both provocative and profound. It has provoked me, at any rate, to return to the tragedies with an anticipation that should never have had to be renewed.

George R. Clay
Princeton, New Jersey

TIMELY IN TOPIC; TIMELY IN SEASON



THE GREAT EXPLORERS
Written and illustrated by Robert N. Holcomb

Famed and little-known explorers from Columbus to Pike, caught in graphic detail by the author's brush and pen. **$2.00**

GOING ABROAD
Gordon M. Christensen

A book for the budget-conscious new voyager and the constant traveler. Geared to help you go through customs with a minimum of trouble and a maximum of money-saving. Paper; **$1.25**

BABIES NEED FATHERS, TOO
Rhoda Kellogg

"Mrs. Kellogg gets down to brass tacks, pointing out exactly where fathers are inclined to fail their children . . . A book like this must be read."—Joseph Henry Jackson, *San Francisco Chronicle*. **$3.50**

THE RED PIONEER
Michael Marku

The story of simple folk who continue to live simply in the shadow of oppression. The yolk of the Communists is never overthrown; it is chipped at by hundreds of little actions. Like a lot of realistic tales, this is a tense story. **$2.00**

IMMIGRANTS ALL-AMERICANS ALL
Jack Richmond

Biographies of people who have immigrated to the United States and distinguished themselves in various fields, thereby enriching both the world and their adopted country. **$2.75**

WOMEN ARE MY PROBLEM
Dr. Jacob L. Bubis

"This is a warm and human story of a Clevelander whose many contributions to his specialized field cannot as yet be accurately measured. They were milestones in medical history...You'll like this book."—*Cleveland Press* Illus. **$3.00**

Order from your bookseller or

COMET PRESS BOOKS
11 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

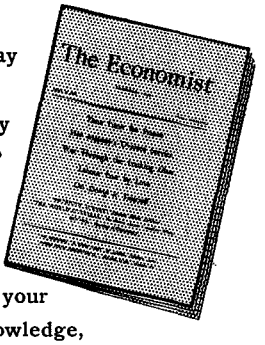
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE THE WORLD STRAIGHT

with

The Economist

OF LONDON



Why not keep up with the world the way statesmen, editors, executives, responsible persons everywhere do — by reading THE ECONOMIST of London? How has THE ECONOMIST achieved the influence that makes it "the world's most-quoted magazine"? You'll see how, right from your first copy. In authority, specialised knowledge, balanced presentation of facts and opinion — and in sheer readability — The Economist sets the standard of responsible journalism the world over. TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY to sample THE ECONOMIST for three months, delivered to your home or office, at *air mail speed* but *surface mail cost.*

SPECIAL OFFER

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

for Special Introductory Subscription

To: The Economist, c/o British Publications Inc.
30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.

I accept your offer. Please air mail me, direct from London, the next 13 weeks' issues of The Economist.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

$2.50 Check Enclosed
(*Please make checks payable to "The Economist".*

R.5

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MANY WITCHES are stirring the cauldron of the wars and revolutions that are brewing along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. The Communist witch knows what she wants, but her sisters—nationalism, militarism, and misery—are no less active. **Claire Sterling,** a member of our staff, went to inspect what so far is the spot of greatest danger. She talked with Egyptian and Israeli leaders, with journalists and just plain people, and came back with a description of a horrible situation that leaves neither side with much freedom for reasonable choice. **Hal Lehrman,** who writes and lectures on Middle Eastern affairs, recently visited another country in the Arab world, one in which the impending danger is not war but internal chaos—Tunisia. **Ray Alan,** a frequent contributor, mentions the implications of that rather peculiar speech in which Sir Anthony Eden suggested negotiations between Israel and its Arab neighbors—peculiar in that so experienced a diplomat as Sir Anthony usually announces negotiations only after they have started.

WE PRESENT the opinion on armament reduction of a man who possibly has done more than anyone among the U.N. statesmen to suggest agreements that could be put into operation—modest and experimental at the start, yet with inner dynamism for further expansion. **Jules Moch,** known for the strong and effective measures he took against Communism in France when he was Minister of the Interior, has also been Minister of Defense, Vice Premier, and Premier. He wrote his article in New York while here as French representative on the U.N. Disarmament Commission.

The conflict and fears that make life so hard for both white and colored Americans in Mississippi are described by **William Lee Miller,** of *The Reporter's* staff, and **David Halberstam** of the West Point, Mississippi, *Daily Times Leader* . . . **Clinton Rossiter** is professor in the Department of Government at Cornell University and the author of *Constitutional Dictatorship* . . . **Roland Gelatt** is New York Editor of *High Fidelity* . . . **Madeleine Chapsal** is a French writer and critic . . . **Max Ascoli** takes the opportunity offered by Mr. Lester B. Pearson's recent book to pay tribute to that exemplary diplomat who plays such a leading role in shaping the policies of the Atlantic Alliance . . . **John Kenneth Galbraith's** latest book is *The Great Crash, 1929* . . . **Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.,** is Associate Professor of History at Harvard University . . . Our cover is by **Donald Higgins.**

PRODUCED 2004 BY UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REPORTER

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

MAX ASCOLI, *Editor*
Harlan Cleveland, *Publisher*

Senior Editor, Philip Horton • *Managing Editor,* Al Newman
Associate Editor, Gouverneur Paulding • *Contributing Editor,* William Harlan Hale
Assistant Managing Editor, Robert Bingham
Washington Editor, Douglass Cater • *Art Editor,* Reg Massie
Staff Writers: Claire Sterling, Marya Mannes, Charles Clift, William Lee Miller
Assistant to the Managing Editor, Louisa Dalcher • *Librarian,* Ruth Ames
Circulation Manager, George Hinckley • *Advertising Manager,* William Reardon
Director of Promotion, Shirley Katzander • *Production Manager,* Ann Hollyday Sharp

VOLUME 13, NO. 10 **DECEMBER 15, 1955**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2
PRELIMINARY BOUTS . . . . . *Eric Sevareid* 4

Arabs, Israel, and the Threat of War

BAILING OUT THE BRITISH—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10
A REPORT FROM EGYPT AND ISRAEL . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 11
TUNISIAN SELF-GOVERNMENT: 'WHERE IS THE BOOTY?' . . . . *Hal Lehrman* 16
TROUBLE ON THE NORTHERN TIER . . . . . *Ray Alan* 20

At Home & Abroad

JULES MOCH ON DISARMAMENT 23
PEOPLE IN MISSISSIPPI
1. TRIAL BY TAPE RECORDER . . . . . *William Lee Miller* 27
2. A COUNTY DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF . . . . . *David Halberstam* 30

Views & Reviews

WHICH JEFFERSON DO YOU QUOTE? . . . . . *Clinton Rossiter* 33
THE LISTENER GETS THE WORKS . . . . . *Roland Gelatt* 37
JEAN COCTEAU JOINS THE IMMORTALS . . . . . *Madeleine Chapsal* 39
THE CAT AND THE MICE . . . . . *Marya Mannes* 40
THE DIPLOMACY OF DEMOCRACY . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 42
FREE ENTERPRISE AND FICTION . . . . . *John Kenneth Galbraith* 43
THE THREAD OF HISTORY: FREEDOM OR FATALITY? . . *Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.* 45
BOOK NOTES 48

Editorial and Business Offices:
136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Manuscripts or artwork submitted to The Reporter should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts or artwork.

There is one book which I am recommending above all others for Christmas this year. It is "Cartoon Treasury," edited by Lucy Black Johnson and Pyke Johnson, Jr.

This is the biggest and funniest collection of international pictorial wit ever published. It contains more than 1500 funny drawings by 240 artists from 20 different countries, including many favorites from the United States.

It is the perfect present for anyone with a sense of humor, although you'd better warn the recipient to take it in small doses. It's too rich and too varied a fare for one sitting. The best way is to do what a man in Denver has done: make it your bedtime reading and laugh yourself to sleep.

It is only fair to confess that the editors of this book are close friends of mine (how close you will learn if you look at its jacket). But even if they weren't, I'm sure this would still be the Christmas gift book I would recommend above all others this year.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"Cartoon Treasury" ($4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. Mail orders for "Cartoon Treasury" or any other book reviewed or advertised in this issue will be filled. Send check or money order to Doubleday Book Shops, Mail Order Dept., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22. Outside New York City, please add 25¢ handling charge.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bailing Out the British

EVER SINCE June 25, 1950, when the Communist armies of Kim Il Sung crossed the thirty-eighth parallel, the West has been bracing itself for a new Korea. None has come. But now we can see Soviet diplomacy, brazen and uncontained, at work all through the Far and Middle East—most particularly in the lands around Palestine. Joseph Stalin is very dead.

Bulganin and Khrushchev are not in the business of exporting armed divisions and air squadrons into the zones of the non-Communist world least ready to withstand attack. They simply export crated weapons and planes, dumping them in turbulent countries like Egypt. These instruments of warfare are mostly rather obsolete—the kind of secondhand stuff we usually offer, free of charge, to sister American republics. A few up-to-date Migs are on the top of the basket to make it more appetizing to Middle Eastern warriors with an itch to shoot.

The new Kremlin team's great skill lies in exploiting to the utmost the domestic difficulties of foreign countries. Thus in Egypt, they help the military junta fasten the noose around the neck of that unfortunate man, Colonel Nasser. Khrushchev, whose claim to fame as an agricultural leader the figures of the latest Russian crops have not yet borne out, derives extraordinary benefits from our policy of agricultural price supports. The surplus cotton held by our government left Egypt with no buyer for its leading crop until the Communists kindly offered to take cotton in trade for weapons.

Our farm policies tend to lower the worth both of our diplomacy and of basic agricultural commodities in the world market.

COMMUNISM is now on the rampage in the Middle East, fanning the kind of war best suited to upset our alliances and our own people—a war from which we cannot escape involvement and yet so primitive as to give us no chance of using massive retaliation, or even our tiniest atomic tactical weapons.

Last August 26 Mr. Dulles produced, with a suddenness that clearly indicated the gravity of the situation, a fair and sensible plan for the settlement of the Israeli-Arab conflict. Briefly, he proposed that the United States and other countries "join in formal treaty engagements" to prevent aggression by either side.

Later Adlai Stevenson, in a speech at Charlottesville, Virginia, said that he wondered "if U.N. guards could not undertake patrol duties in the areas of tension and collision"—a singularly impractical if tentative suggestion that deserved no more attention than it received.

Now the danger is such that peace at the Israeli-Arab borders demands something more than the reiteration of already existing guarantees or mixed Soviet-NATO patrols. It demands a few battalions of U.S. Marines, plus proportionate contingents from NATO allies—enough troops to keep an active watch so that no attack is launched by either side.

The U.N. can come into the picture after the presence of token allied contingents has dramatized the western powers' repeated guarantees to the Israeli state. The U.N., which is responsible for the creation of Israel, and for years has been debating the control of armaments, cannot let the peace of the world be threatened by the armament race between minor countries entirely dependent on the great powers. Since no atomic stockpiles are involved, there could be no better experimental ground for U.N. control of armament—just as there could be no better chance for us to stop the bootlegging of minor wars by the Soviet peace lovers.

The more effectively the risk of war is reduced at the borders of Israel, the easier it will be to take further steps, such as frontier rectifications, toward durable peace. Then the Arab refugee problem could be tackled as Mr. Dulles has suggested, with U.S. and U.N. co-operation, and the Palestinian refugees—the most educated among the Arabs—could bring their skills to leaven the economy of the Arab countries.

Great Britain is the western nation that by mending its ways can most effectively contribute to peace in the Middle East. Our government ought to talk firmly and bluntly to our British friends, for real friendship and NATO unity demand equal candor on both sides. The U.S. government once bailed the British out of Greece, and the Truman Doctrine came into existence. Now the time has come to bail the British out of their still predominant yet untenable position in the Middle East. They are overcommited to the Arabs, and at their mercy.

OTHERWISE, a few months from now, Bulganin and Khrushchev may be junketing to Egypt and neighboring places to celebrate the latest device of Soviet diplomacy: the fellow-traveling country. If that day comes, all the money that Britain has lavished on Jordan's Arab Legion and on oil-sodden little kingdoms and sheikdoms will turn out to have been a disastrous investment, and Sir Anthony's distinguished career will come to a lamentable end.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Report From Egypt and Israel

CLAIRE STERLING

TEL AVIV

WAR was on the point of breaking out in the Middle East on the night of November 2, when the Israeli government sent four hundred soldiers to drive an Egyptian garrison out of Israeli territory in the demilitarized zone of El Auja. War didn't come, but it is still closer in this part of the world than in any other.

The El Auja episode was not the first of its kind. There have been three other major armed clashes on the Israeli-Egyptian frontier in the past year, and 1,204 minor ones along one or another of Israel's borders since the armistice in 1949. What was new this time was the possibility that El Auja might be the beginning of another Korea.

That was not true of the battles in Gaza, El Kuntilla, and Khan Yunis earlier this year; serious as they were, neither side thought of them as much more than local border skirmishes. But last September the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia offered to sell, and Egypt agreed to buy, a large quantity of heavy armament, including tanks, jets, bombers, and submarines. This arrangement, described by the Russians as a simple commercial transaction, has made it impossible to think in terms of local skirmishes between Israeli and Egyptian troops any more—not only in Cairo and Jerusalem but also in London, Paris, Washington, and Moscow.

WITH THIS simple commercial transaction, the Soviet Union has practically undone all the patient work of the western diplomats in the Middle East over the past six years. The West has had two objectives in this area. The first was to keep some sort of balance between Israel (population 1,553,000, territory 8,000 square miles) and the hostile Arab states—Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon (total population about 40,000,000, total territory over one million square miles). The second western objective was to erect the so-called "Northern Tier" of Middle Eastern defense, comprising the Moslem states which lie to the north and east

of Israel's enemies and south of Russia—Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and Pakistan.

Because of their foothold in Egypt, the Russians now have the possibility of some day vaulting over this Northern Tier and landing neatly in Africa—on the shores of the Mediterranean and on the banks of the Suez Canal. They also have a chance of breaking up the Tier by fostering a war between Egypt and Israel.

There isn't much point in asking which side might start such a war. Either side might—the Israelis now while they're still militarily stronger, the Egyptians a year from now when they have assimilated their new military equipment. For the Israelis it would be a question of surviving as a nation, for Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser a question of surviving as the ruler of Egypt.

Revolution at a Standstill

Twenty-four hours after Colonel Nasser announced the Soviet arms deal, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State George V. Allen flew to Cairo to talk the Egyptian Prime Minister out of it. He was much more than twenty-four hours too late. Nasser had decided to accept the Soviet offer at least a month earlier, and had been gravitating toward the Russians for several months before that. He may not have wanted them, but he needed them.

It is doubtful whether Nasser had even remotely considered such a possibility when he organized the Egyptian revolution and threw out King Farouk in 1952. But the revolution has changed since then, and so has Colonel Nasser. He had started off earnestly determined to bring at last some hope into the lives of the Egyptians, now numbering twenty-three millions, who for five thousand years had been among the most miserable people on earth. But he was a soldier inexperienced in politics then, and he had no idea that the way of reform would be so terribly hard.

For the first two years, Nasser made notable progress. He expropriated Farouk's huge estates and divided them among a hundred thousand landless fellahin, turned a $225-million trade deficit into a surplus of $11 million, and completed plans for the High Aswan Dam, a half-billion-dollar project that would give Egypt a third more usable land than it has now. He also weathered two big political storms: the expulsion of General Mohammed Naguib, who had been an idol of the people but a constant headache for the military junta that had carried out

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the revolution; and a plot by the Moslem Brotherhood, a mystical terrorist organization with three million followers, to assassinate the junta leaders and take over. Finally, he managed to get the British out of the Suez Canal Zone after a stay of seventy-two years.

Since 1954, however, the road has been rocky all the way. Nasser claims now that he has had to curtail all his social-development schemes since February 28 of this year, when the Israelis attacked Gaza and killed thirty-six Egyptian soldiers. This evidence of Israel's aggressive intentions, he says, compelled him to subordinate everything to preparations for his country's defense. But Egypt's revolution has come nearly to a standstill for much deeper reasons.

FOR ONE THING, the Egyptian financiers who had flourished under Farouk and a corrupt Parliament have not shown the slightest interest in helping to further the revolution. They have been so pointedly uninterested, in fact, that the junta was recently forced to seize an enterprise directed by Ahmed Aboud, an influential industrialist in Egypt, for nonpyament of a $13-million subsidy to sugar growers. This, in turn, has not encouraged Aboud and his friends to invest the capital Nasser must have.

Lack of capital has not been his only trouble. He has also been hampered by a lack of administrators and technicians. With both of these handicaps, his splendid dream of a Liberation Province—a project designed to reclaim a million acres of desert land and build an ideal society on it—has remained largely on paper. At the rate it's going now, it won't be completed in a hundred years.

On top of this, Nasser has not yet found the money for the Aswan Dam. The International Bank has been considering the project for three years; the plans have been pronounced financially and technically sound; a firm of British engineers has been signed up for the indefinite future. But no western government has actually put up any of the necessary money.

WORST OF ALL, the world cotton crisis this year has brought Egypt near to disaster. Cotton makes up eighty-five per cent of Egyptian exports. But with persistent rumors that the United States will soon dump its own ten-million-bale surplus abroad at bargain prices, Egypt's traditional buyers—Britain, France, Italy, and West Germany—would rather wait than buy. While they have waited, Egypt has gone into the red again; the deficit was $62 million by August and it's still increasing.

Nasser had no diplomatic victories—at least until last September—to offset all this. Negotiations for $27 million worth of American arms got nowhere, since Nasser wouldn't accept a military mission and couldn't pay cash. The West went on with its business of building up the Northern Tier, into which Egypt was not invited. And in midsummer, the Sudanese suddenly veered away from the idea of union with Egypt—a diplomatic defeat that cost Nasser almost as much popularity as he had gained by getting Britain out of Suez last year.

With an efficient political machine, Nasser might have explained these embarrassments away. But he does not have one. Although he has managed to destroy his opposition—neither Naguib nor the Brotherhood has much visible strength now—he has not managed to organize the mercurial populace into a compact political party that could defend him. He is left, therefore, at the mercy of a divided army, whose interests do not always coincide very closely with his own.

'Pistol at My Head'

It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the Russians should have appeared on the scene. Nasser is indisputably anti-Communist—there are several hundred Communists in Egyptian jails to prove it, serving terms of up to fifteen years. But if he isn't pro-Russian, he isn't particularly pro-western either. And even if he were, certainly he doesn't have much choice.

The Communists moved first at the Bandung Conference last spring, where they played on Nasser's vanity with tributes second only to those reserved for Nehru. Next they played on his genuine concern for Egypt's economic future by either buying themselves or getting their satellites to buy most of the cotton that the West had turned down. As a result, Communist China has suddenly become one of Egypt's biggest customers, and Hungary and Romania are among the top ten, both of them for the first time. But above all, the Russians played on Nasser's fears—his fear of Israel and his fear for his own political career.

Nasser told a western correspondent a few weeks ago that he decided to ask Russia for arms last summer after reading an American newspaper that said Egypt would never be safe from Israeli aggression unless and until he did. Actually, the offer came first from Soviet Ambassador Daniel Solod; and while Nasser was trying to make up his mind, the Soviet Embassy in Cairo artfully let it be known among Egyptian Army officers that the offer had been made. After that, Nasser had no alternative. "The army," as he told one diplomat privately, "had a pistol at my head."

It was perfectly predictable that the army would insist on accepting the Russian offer—and indeed would have thought Nasser foolish to turn it down. Every army wants arms, and this army wanted them desperately after its painful defeat in Palestine in 1948. The army, however, may not have seen all the implications of the Russian offer. Nasser did. Or if he didn't then, he does now.

There is no doubt that Nasser's decision to accept the Russian offer has made him much more popular than he has ever been, not only in the army but throughout Egypt and the Arab world. Few of his fellow officers or fellow citizens see any moral conflict involved. "Ask anyone on the street here in Cairo," Nasser has said, "and he'll tell you that Russia is giving us what we want, where the West has been telling us what we ought to want." But he knows it isn't that simple.

First there is the question of what comes with these arms. Nasser has repeatedly refused to accept an American military mission, on the ground that his countrymen would not stand for another one after their experience with the British. What he's getting now, however, is in effect a mission, though it doesn't go by that name. Actually, he has had foreign advisers attached to his army for

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some time. Chief among them was Dr. Wilhelm Voss, once an economic expert in the Third Reich and later president-director of the Skoda works in Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia. Dr. Voss was assisted until recently by about fifty German military experts. There is also an unspecified number—estimates go from forty to a hundred—of Czech and Russian technicians who have been sent to teach the Egyptians how to use their new equipment. What Egyptian officers can't learn from these instructors they can learn by going directly to Czechoslovakia and Russia; at least one group of pilots has already made the trip.

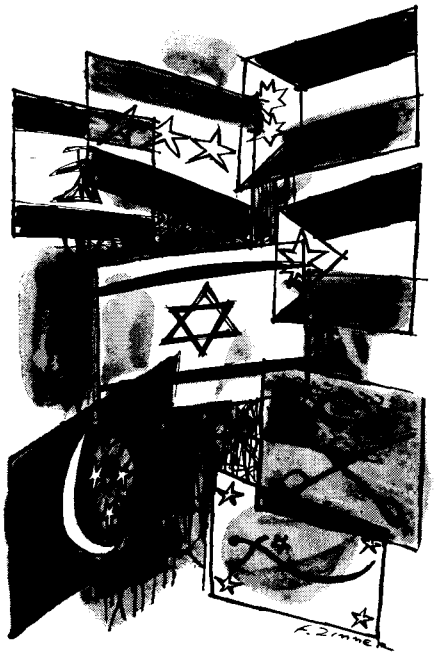
HAVING GONE that far, the Russians couldn't have failed to go a little further. Since the arms deal was made, Ambassador Solod has had several long, friendly talks with Nasser; Cairo bookshops are filled with Russian books; Russian movies are being shown for the first time; Russian and Romanian ballet troupes have arrived. The Russian Embassy in Cairo has redesigned and streamlined its information bulletin in preparation for an intensified propaganda campaign.

Nasser is well aware of how much this means to the Russians. The arms deal alone, he said recently, "was worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars in propaganda to Soviet leaders." But he is confident that he can control the situation. The Soviet Union, he says, isn't interested in subverting the population so as to make Egypt a satellite state; the Russians' only aim, he explains, is to keep Egypt out of the western orbit —which is all right with the Egyptians.

If the Russians aren't trying to convert the Egyptian people, however, they can still make a good try at capturing the Egyptian government. Nasser already relies on them for arms; he is beginning to rely on them as the main market for his exports; and they have offered him a thirty-year loan for the Aswan Dam at the attractive interest rate of two per cent—payable partly in cotton. What would happen, under these circumstances, if Nasser should refuse to accept an alliance with the now-outlawed Communist Party when and if he holds the free elections he has promised? What would Mr. Solod say then?

IN THE MEANTIME, another vexing question remains to be answered. What will Nasser do with the twelve shiploads of arms that have already reached Alexandria, and with the rest that is to come? He says he will use them only to defend Egypt if Israel attacks, and most people who know him believe that is his personal intention. A war with Israel would mean the end of everything he has done and is still trying to do for the Egyptian fellahin, even if he won it—to say nothing of what might happen if he should lose it.

To say that he doesn't want to make war, however, is not to say that he will not some day be forced to



make one. He is under pressure from many directions. There are, for instance, the two hundred thousand Palestine Arab refugees who have been camping miserably in the Gaza Strip, and who refuse to go anywhere but back to the homes they can see from the doors of their huts, only a mile or two across the frontier. There are the neighboring Arab states, whose leaders don't share Nasser's concern about improving the lot of their people. And there are the more hotheaded officers in his army, who still brood over the Palestine defeat, who are growing more resentful with every retaliatory Israeli raid on the border, and who talk passionately of a "second round" with their old enemy.

So far, Nasser has been holding out against all these pressures. But he admits that "politics have become a disease with me now," and he might be prepared to pay a big price for remaining in power. Unless he can find the money to go ahead with his big social plans, unless he can achieve some spectacular domestic success in the next year or two, he may not be strong enough to resist these pressures.

A Preventive War?

The Israelis say he will not be strong enough. They argue that Nasser has been trying in vain for three years to be another Kemal Atatürk (who turned his back on the whole Moslem world to modernize Turkey), and that he is now trying to become a hero of the Moslem world by leading a jihad, or holy war, against Israel. They may be wrong, but that's the way they think—and they are reacting according to their interpretation.

The Egyptians have been saying for some time, especially since the February attack on Gaza, that Israel is preparing an aggressive war for territorial expansion. But that isn't really the problem. There is, of course, one political party in Israel that wants to "complete the Promised Land" by expanding to the Euphrates and the Nile—the Herut Party, led by the old Irgun terrorist chief, Menahem Beigin. The Herut almost doubled its vote in the elections last summer. But it still has only fifteen of the 120 seats in the Knesset, and the dominant Mapai Party (with forty seats), headed by Prime Minister David Ben Gurion, can easily afford to ignore it for the time being.

Ben Gurion, however, cannot easily ignore the many voices, in his own and other usually moderate parties that are clamoring for a preventive war—a quick thrust right now to knock out the two Egyptian divisions in the Sinai Peninsula before they have assimilated their new Russian equipment, and thereby cripple the Egyptian Army for at least a decade. Such an attack, so the argument goes, need not last more than a week or two, after

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which the Israelis could go back behind their own lines, leaving the field to the United Nations and/or the Egyptians.

The Prime Minister and all the government leaders around him have declared flatly that they will not make such a war. The plan seems logical, they say, but it isn't. Admittedly, the Israeli Army is much superior to Egypt's at present. Not only do the Israelis have 150,000 well-trained troops as against 100,000 Egyptians, but they can call on a National Reserve pool including most of the able-bodied men and women in the country, mobilizable in less than twenty-four hours. The Egyptians have no reserves, and except for Jordan's British-trained Arab Legion, twenty thousand strong, the military strength of Egypt's potential allies is negligible.

But an attack of this kind, however short, might exact a fearful price. It would mean the death of several thousand young Israelis who must make Israel's future. It might also mean losing the international good will that Israel must have in order to exist—in the United States, the United Nations, among world Jewry. Moreover, no amount of logistical calculation could guarantee that the war would be short; and if it lasted more than a week or two, it might not only destroy what the Israelis have made of their tiny state with infinite patience and labor, but touch off a third world war. Thus Ben Gurion is faced with the overwhelming problem of finding a better alternative.

The question of defense has been desperate for Israel from the day it became a state in 1948, when six Arab League nations invaded simultaneously. Israel defeated them in six weeks then, and might do it again. But it would not be easy.

It would be hard to find any other country on the globe so vulnerable to attack. Israel has 591 miles of frontier, all of it bordering on hostile territory sixty-three times larger than its own, and there is almost no depth for maneuver behind Israel's frontiers. Three-quarters of the population lives either in the narrow Jerusalem Corridor or on the coastal plain from Haifa to Tel Aviv, where there is an average width of twelve miles from the Mediterranean to the Jordan border. The headquarters of the Israeli General Staff is within clear view of the Jordan hills, and almost no Israeli lives or works beyond easy range of enemy fire.

To defend itself in this exposed position, Israel has planted settlements all along the frontiers, manned by soldier-farmers who are

forbidden to work in the fields without a rifle and who must build reinforced-concrete homes, and bomb-shelter nurseries for their children.

Not a week has passed since 1948 without some sort of foray into one or another of these settlements. Some have amounted to no more than the theft of a sheep by an Arab refugee. (Some 900,000 such refugees are camped along the Syrian, Jordanian, and Egyptian frontiers.) Others have been organized raids by military intelligence or sabotage units such as the Egyptian Fedayeen, whose purpose is to terrorize the population and do economic damage. Five days before the Israeli attack on Gaza, a Fedayeen unit had gotten to within fifteen miles of Tel Aviv.

The Arab states have taken full advantage of Israel's geographical helplessness by blockading the country completely on land and as completely as they can manage by sea; Israeli ships are barred not only from the Suez Canal but even from the Gulf of Aqaba, Israel's outlet to the Red Sea.

In spite of these enormous handicaps—or perhaps because of them—Israel has made prodigious progress toward becoming a modern, viable state. In the seven years since it acquired statehood, Israel has taken in 750,000 Jews from the Diaspora—more than half of them Orientals, people whose way of life was several hundred years behind that of Jews from, say, Germany. By now, permanent homes have been built for all but eighty-five thousand of them, and work has been found for all but nine thousand.

Finding work has meant bringing life to a land that has been barren for more than two thousand years. Between 1948 and 1954, the Israelis planted thirty million trees and reclaimed two hundred thousand acres of dead land; with their new pipeline from the Yarkon River—which is only sixteen miles long—they will soon have forty thousand more acres of productive land. These figures would be laughable in Texas; but a foot of soil means more to the Israelis than a mile would mean to Texans.

The Israelis have not gotten rich on this soil; their average yearly income is less than $500 a year, though this in itself represents a twenty-seven per cent increase over last year. They have, however, managed to become self-sufficient in phosphates, sugar, and tobacco, and more than self-sufficient in citrus fruits. Within another two years there will be enough cotton.

Although the Arab blockade is costing Israel $40 million a year (mostly because all oil has to be imported from Venezuela), Israel has kept that figure from being much higher by developing a sound market for its goods in the West and also by looking eastward to Burma and Japan. The latter has just signed a contract to buy half a million tons of salt.

With the help of the Old Testament, which is used as a geological as well as religious manual, Israelis have found great resources for the future—potash, bromine, phosphates, manganese, copper, feldspar, mica, glass sand, iron, gypsum, fluorite, chrome, sulphur. It was the Old Testament that provided the clue that led to the discovery of oil in Heletz last September.

Despite this progress, Israel still depends on foreign help for future

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

development; between German reparations and contributions from Jews in the United States, there is an income of about $200 million a year. But the government hopes to be independent of foreign help within ten years, and if there is peace, the Israelis will probably make it.

Unlike Egypt, Israel has made no reduction in its development budget this year. The Egyptian raids across the frontier have been just as alarming to Israel as the Israeli raids have been to Egypt, and economically, Israel has suffered far more damage: In the single kibbutz (collective settlement) of Mefalsim, the main water installations have been blown up five times in the last six months; the settlers have repaired the installations each time and gone back to their tractors—with their rifles.

These settlers and the relatively small standing army behind them have been enough until now to stave off invasion. With the arrival of Russian arms and technicians in Cairo, however, the Israeli government does not think they are enough any more.

Although Israel has had many tokens of friendship from all over the world, the nation stands essentially alone. All the neighboring Arab states have treaties of mutual assistance, either with each other (Syria, Egypt, Saudi Arabia) or with the British (Egypt, Jordan, Iraq). Israel has nothing but a birth certificate from the United Nations and an oral promise from Britain, France, and the United States—the 1950 Tripartite Declaration—to resist any attempt by either side to change the present boundaries by force.

Since September the Israelis have been saying that this is not adequate. They point out that the United Nations couldn't keep the Arabs from invading Israel in 1948. They also point out that the Tripartite Declaration has enough loopholes in it to let any or all of the Big Three back out of it whenever the situation is embarrassing—as it is now, for instance. In his Guildhall speech of November 9, Sir Anthony Eden got through two loopholes without much effort. He suggested that Israel's present boundaries were not necessarily permanent, and that they might be substantially changed without necessarily using force. More precisely, he proposed Israel-Arab negotiations to set a new boundary line somewhere between the present one—set by the 1949 armistice—and the original one laid down by the United Nations in 1947. What the Israelis thought he meant was that Israel should give up the Negev. Nothing could be more likely to goad Israel into war.

The southern Negev desert did not belong either to Israel or Egypt in 1947. It was part of an independent Arab state set up in the U.N. plan to partition the Palestine mandate. That state disappeared after the Arab invasion; Egypt and Jordan took parts of it, and Israel kept the rest, including the southern Negev. Since the partition plan is obviously dead, Israel regards this territory as its own, and Ben Gurion has made it plain that his government will never give it up. "The Arabs will have to send an army to get it," he has said, "and they will be expelled a second time unless, with the help of Britain

and Russia, they [succeed in their] attempt to destroy us."

It is difficult to see how Eden could have expected any other answer. To Israelis it seems clear that the Egyptians want the Negev as their first step in the dismemberment of Israel; currently they are making it their first condition for peace. But the Egyptians don't need it and can't use it, having an ample desert of their own. Israel could not live without it.

The Negev

The Negev makes up half of Israel's territory. Immigrants are still coming each year in the thousands. By law Israel's doors are open to them; and the Negev is the one place where they and their children can live with any remote hope of prospering.

No one who had traveled over these wastes of sand six years ago would have imagined that anyone could find hope there. But the Israelis have already pushed the desert back thirty miles, and even in the far south they have made parts of it bloom. "Go to Sde Boker," Ben Gurion has said, referring to his desert home, "and you will see green patches that have not been there since the creation."

Like most of Israel's plans, those for the Negev are ambitious. They include bringing water down from the River Jordan—with or without the co-operation from Syria and Jordan that Eric Johnston has been trying to get; building up the ancient crossroads town of Beersheba into a southern capital of fifty thousand inhabitants; building plants to extract copper and minerals from the Dead Sea; and building a railroad to carry exports down to the port of Eilat on the Gulf of Aqaba, to be shipped out through the Red Sea—regardless of Egypt's blockade, which Israel has said will be broken "whenever and however we choose."

In suggesting that all this might be sacrificed to pacify the Arabs, Eden has aroused bitterness among the Israelis unlike any since the old mandate days. They had been willing to discuss several issues in order to ease the tension: minor border rectifications, compensation for Arab refugees, U.N. buffer zones at sensitive border points. They had been willing to go even further, offering landlocked Jordan free use of their port in Haifa, and offering Egypt a through highway across the Negev. They had never, however, shown any willingness to be cut in half.

Once again, they feel, Britain is trying to buy Arab friendship at Israel's expense, in spite of all formal commitments. They take this as convincing evidence, if any were needed, that Israel can't rely on western promises and that their only guarantee of surviving this emergency would be western arms. "It's no good talking to us about our army's 'moral superiority' over the Egyptians," Ben Gurion has said. "If an ordinary soldier with arms faced a man like Einstein, and Einstein was

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unarmed, the soldier would kill him."

The Israeli shopping list is now being considered by the U.S. State Department. It is not a modest list. The Israelis want heavy arms, a lot of them, and cheap; it would take practically their whole national budget of $300 million to pay the full price for the quantity of armament that Nasser is reportedly getting—at giveaway prices—from the Russians and Czechs.

The Israeli government says it doesn't want these arms to make preventive war—but to prevent one. The one thing that could stop the pressure on Ben Gurion's Cabinet now, it is argued, would be the certain knowledge—in Egypt as well as in Israel—that if the Egyptians attacked, the Israelis could, as one deputy puts it, "knock the hell out of them."

Our Dilemma

While Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has promised to "consider" the Israeli shopping list, he is certainly proceeding cautiously. The U.S. State Department may be friendlier to Israel than the British Foreign Office, but both have similar problems. First, they fear they might be getting into a hopeless arms race; Nasser has warned that if the Israelis get arms from America, he himself will get still more from Russia. Next, they are reluctant to irritate the increasingly belligerent oil-producing Arab states, from which their two countries together have taken shipments of $2.5 billion in the last eight years. Finally, they are afraid that any new sign of friendship for Israel will push Egypt further into the Russian orbit—and might well push Syria, Saudi Arabia, and Iraq, if not Jordan also, in the same direction.

In strictly military terms—and aside from whatever diplomacy may still be able to accomplish—this boils down to a choice between abandoning Israel and risking the loss of Egypt and most of the Middle East. Actually, however, Nasser has gone so far already that his return to the West seems exceedingly unlikely; and Israel has no intention of being abandoned without putting up a fight that would push Nasser further toward Moscow anyway. The sacrifice, therefore, would be not only tragic but useless.

Tunisian Self-Government: 'Where Is the Booty?'

HAL LEHRMAN

When Habib Bourguiba came home to Tunis in triumph last June after his long French exile, he was given a gala banquet. Everyone was there: the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, labor-union leaders, all the old comrades from the nationalist Neo-Destour Party, and all the old enemies from the Résidence Générale. The evening flowed with salutes to the conventions just agreed between Tunisia and France, to impending home rule, to a future bright with hope of growth and bloom in freedom. Tunisia's George Washington rose to the occasion. In French, with glistening eye and inspired syllables, Bourguiba extolled the genius of France. He praised her new enlightenment and greatness of soul. He gazed rhetorically into the mists ahead and saw an eternity of Franco-Tunisian friendship and mutual benefit. He was magnificent.

When he sat down, the hall rocked with ecstatic huzzas. Then one of his staunchest party associates leaned across the table and spoke in laconic and homely native patois somewhat as follows: "Hey! Haven't you noticed? There are Arabs in the room!" Bourguiba clutched his handsome head. He got sheepishly back on his feet, signaled for silence, and then gave the whole speech over again—in Arabic.

On September 17, after formal ratification of the conventions and the retirement of Tunisia's last Protectorate Government, came the induction of the country's first "autonomous" Government since 1883. At this writing, it is again quite noticeable that there are Arabs in the room.

Maybe the habit of resistance to authority has become congenital because of the long and bloody struggle against France. At any rate, all three Arabic dailies are now against their own Government. To get a good word in for the Cabinet, the Neo-Destour's Political Bureau has actually been compelled to rent a printing plant and start another newspaper. If you were to put a tag on the dissatisfaction rumbling over the country, it would be: Where is the booty?

Not Yet the Millennium

There has been trouble on Tunis streetcars because some riders thought home rule meant no more fares. Others were shocked to see the rent collector. Not a few citizens expected that taxes would be abolished. A little higher on the scale of sophistication, some are irate because, though France has been humbled, the French are still very much in Tunisia. Higher still, consternation is rife that Tunisians have not been admitted to the forest of government jobs that presumably sprang up overnight after liberation. At the top level, complaint rages against the slowness—some call it the absence—of Government decisions.

Everywhere is the uninformed but widespread conviction that nothing has changed very much in spite of the nationalist victory. Yes, there is a new blaze of white crescents and stars centered in crimson fields on the flagpoles of government buildings. The exiles have returned. The jails have disgorged their political prisoners. The four French directors whose word was law in Public Works, Posts and Telegraphs, Education, and Finance have gone away. There is a brand-new Ministry of Interior, operated by a man in a fez. Instead of Résident Général, the energetic and casual young Roger Seydoux bears the more discreet title of Haut Commissaire.

But Seydoux is nevertheless the Bey's Minister of Defense and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Technically, he is even the ultimate boss of the Tunisian police. By treaty now, instead of by compulsion, Tunisia's economy is tightly linked with that of France—and all trade and finan-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial contacts with the outer world must go through French channels. Why, say the malcontents, we are as enslaved as ever!

The one thing that has changed palpably and monumentally, is the Neo-Destour. The party that led the fight for liberation with impressive unity is now drastically split. One cannot yet measure the relative size of the pieces into which the party—and the country—have broken. But the rupture is clearly dangerous, and could become mortal.

The Caids Take Over

It is much too early to assess the Tunisian experiment. But all eyes are impatiently watching Tunisia for straws in the North African wind. By general agreement, the country is considered more advanced culturally and politically than Algeria and Morocco. Of the three, it was the first to achieve at least a portion of that national independence for which they have all been struggling with such grave repercussions in France, the Near East, and the world. Tunisia thus has become a laboratory where the theory of North African capacity for self-government is being tested.

It can already be reported with certainty that the success of the conventions is being loyally sought by both the French and the Tunisians who signed them. Away ahead of schedule, for example, High Commissioner Seydoux has voluntarily transferred command of Spahis, rural gendarmes, and auxiliaries from French *contrôleurs* to local native governors (caids) as a token of good will. The official French earnestly want the Tunisians to make good, whatever inconvenient implications might then be drawn in neighboring Algeria. Even the *colons* (French settlers) are eager for the present régime to succeed.

"We fought hard against the conventions," a once fiery leader of the Présence Française told his abashed audience in Bizerte the other day. "But," he added piously, "France has signed them and we, as good Frenchmen, will obey them."

But the *colons* aren't quite so sure that the other side will obey them too. Out in the hinterland I heard nervous stories about nomads who are already arrogantly parking their sheep and goats on French-owned pastures. ("It's Tunisian land, isn't it, and we're Tunisians, aren't we?") The unhappy *colon* must now appeal to the Moslem caid for protection against other Moslems instead of to the *contrôleur*, once the ruler of the hinterland, whom the conventions have transformed into a mere *délégué*, a kind of consular representative of the High Commissioner armed only with a telephone.

There are the beginnings of an uncertain tendency toward European exodus. Land prices are slumping twenty to forty per cent, with few buyers. For the first time in years, city apartments are available. Some of the "stiff-as-leather" types among the *colons* are gloomily contemplating those Koranic verses which exhort the faithful to slay the infidel, chain all who survive, and contribute a tenth of one's goods for holy war.

But most of the 180,000 French, 85,000 Italians, and some 6,000 other Europeans are modest folk who want only the right to work and live in peace. They very much want the 3,300,000 Moslems to rally behind the new native government. Tunisian breakdown might give a few unreconstructed *colons* wry satisfaction—but they would risk having to enjoy it in a graveyard.

As FOR THE Tunisian leaders, they are showing commendable restraint too, so far. At first the new Interior Ministry instructed caids to limit fraternization with the *délégués*, their erstwhile chiefs, to a curt *"bonjour"*; now the two groups are co-operating amiably. On the eve of the Festival of the Mouled, the Moslem Christmas, the usual French flags were not displayed beside the Tunisian, but someone countermanded the order and the tricolor broke out in time. Playing to the patriotic grandstand, the new Minister of Posts and Telegraphs fired 159 defenseless French postal workers, but then he shamefacedly intimated he would reconsider each case on "humanitarian" grounds. The conventions created a Tunisian school system free of French control, but the Tunisians voluntarily hired an extra hundred French teachers and pleaded with the former French supervisors of primary, secondary, and technical schools to stay at their posts: "We want evolution, not revolution." All down the line, from prompt negotiations of a customs union to allowing the use of the French language, the Tunisian government is getting along sensibly with the former colonial power.

The Tunisian government is not getting along, however, with the Tunisians. The masses seem to feel their leaders have not yet made liberation pay off, though the calendar shows how little time the leaders have had to do this.

Young, Unemployed, and Hungry

The economic problems alone are staggering. Tunisia is a land of chronic deficits that continue to be made up each year by France. The only cover for the local currency is the French treasury. Tunisia has no coal, little fuel, few proven mineral resources. (Two out of three foreign oil-prospecting companies have quit.) It is deficient in electricity and water. In the center and south there has been almost no harvest for five years. In some regions the people chew cactus leaves to stave off famine. Tunisia is primarily an agricultural country, but its native farm methods are ancient ones. On a journey to the holy city of Kairouan I saw camels pulling iron-tipped wooden plows. Meanwhile a phenomenal birth rate produces seventy thousand new bodies annually to be fed, clothed, and housed.

Fifty-five of every one hundred Tunisians are under twenty-one. Each year thirty thousand new workers are added to an economy in

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which at least three hundred thousand—an incredible twenty-five per cent of the total labor force—are already chronically unemployed, most of them without employable skills. Inability to squeeze a livelihood from the abused land keeps pushing the population toward the cities, to be rejected by a feeble industrial plant. Since 1946 the city of Tunis has grown from one-third to three-fourths of a million, many times faster than the country-wide rate of increase. While I was there, Tunis had a fancy International Fair. The electric refrigerators, the automobiles, the tractors and harvesters on display have a market of perhaps 250,000 consumers—Europeans and a handful of native bourgeois and rural squires. At the present stage of development the rest of the country needs no more than a bit of wool for a burnoose, leather for boots, and some butter and stringy meat for *couscous*.

The magnitude of problems in other fields (education, health, housing, social welfare) is equally unnerving. To their solution the new state brings a paucity of trained personnel, in part the fault of the Protectorate but also due to the otherworldly lag of the predominant Moslem culture. The educated leaders have had little experience in responsible government. "I feel I know one-tenth of what I ought to know," one Minister admitted privately. Under the circumstances, there might be greater danger in going too fast rather than too slow.

Payday at the Empty Bank

The new leaders are now busy with plans. Though they would perish rather than admit it, these plans are largely based on previous French designs. If there is a difference, it is a new emphasis on the immediately practical rather than the long-range spectacular. Thus the French built huge dams, while the Tunisians want small wells and power pumps. They realize that excess urban populations must be drawn back to recolonize the land effectively. For this they need systems of cheap farm credit, modest electric plants, machinery co-operatives, instructors, seeds, and the like. For industry they envisage not giant steel mills but little "transformation industries"—to process olive oil, textiles, fruits, and other meager local products, creating man-hours of work instead of exporting the crude and importing the refined at higher prices.

Good planning takes time; its proper implementation even more. It was inevitable that Tunisia's first Government should get its ears well boxed. When I asked Bourguiba why he, as head of the country's now omnipotent party, had not immediately assumed office, he replied: "There will be elections in a few months. If we win the majority, I shall take the power. That power will have been ratified by the people. The present Government was formed by the Bey. I did not want to be accused of having made an agreement with France in order to become Prime Minister." It would have taken too much candor for Bourguiba to have added that another reason for sidestepping the first Government was its excellent prospect of failure in an impossible task. The Tunisian nationalists, like all revolutionaries, had made too many orotund promises. It was obviously desirable not to be cashier when payday dawned at the empty bank.

THE FASTEST thing the Government did was to get itself created—in four days. By the nature of its origin, the Government has no mandate and no foundation. Constitutionally, it represents nothing except a group of individuals who hold the amorphous "confidence" of the Bey. Even the Government's composition is amorphous. Among its five Neo-Destourians, five independents, and one dangling Socialist are the pick of the young, modern-trending elite (Finance Minister Nouira, Economics Minister Masmoudi); the party's hard-bitten trouble shooter (Interior Minister Mongi Slim); a scion of a turban-wearing Great Mosque dynasty (Justice Minister Ben Achour); and a nineteenth-century landed proprietor (Prime Minister Ben Ammar), whose two hundred farmhands recently struck against him for failure to pay the legal minimum wage of less than a dollar a day.

Such an assortment was presumably justified by the need for representing all righteous tendencies in the nation. But it could hardly be called a team. Its few solid achievements—such as the vast revision of decrees and legislation piled up since 1883 (it took sixty-two decrees just to clear up the status of the caids), or the fusion of the hitherto separate Great Mosque University into a unified national education system—did not lend themselves to publicity. Its more visible acts have tended to excite either derision or wrath.

Its first goldfish-bowl week in office seemed an interminable round of protocol visits and receptions for the French and for one another. It took time out ponderously to pronounce a ban on official kissing, abolishing the immemorial custom of bussing one's superior on cheek, shoulder, chest, or heart—one degree lower for each reverence. It made the mistake of going half-cocked into print with an ill-prepared Government Plan that was widely lampooned as a mishmash. On the other hand, it showed excessive caution by failing to purge a single caid, though under the French régime many of these governors had grown notoriously fat on bribery and extortion.

One reason, at least, for the slowness is the lack of qualified replacements. This crisis of personnel plagues the Government in every branch—and is probably the cause for the sharpest attacks upon it. Why, the press demanded to know, did it take three weeks to pick a *directeur de cabinet* for the Interior Ministry, and four weeks to name the chief of the Tunisian delegation to Paris? The younger nationalists, eager for jobs, are insisting that patriotic records are more important than one's academic degrees. Some Ministers have been unable to fill their staffs with men of their choice because the latter were at administrative desks in Tunis during the liberation struggle rather than in the mountains. Meanwhile wild-eyed ex-guerrillas have been milling about in Ministerial antechambers, demanding free farmland or "honorable" jobs (ranging from police captains to night watchmen), and breathing threats of return to the maquis. A little intelligent action on the Government's part should be able to pacify these *Fellagha*, who number less than five thousand. But

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the natural craving of every other Tunisian for liberation's fruits—symbolized by, among other things, a rash of strikes—calls for magic rather than energy.

Constitution or Koran?

"Destour" means "constitution." It is therefore fair to suppose that a fundamental charter of freedom was a basic purpose of the anti-French resistance. Yet, till now, nothing has been accomplished toward writing a constitution. The topic is dynamite. Behind lie basic rifts in Tunisia's social and cultural structure which are emerging now that the one unifying force—the war against the foreign oppressor—has lost its binding influence.

The Bourguiba faction stands for a western-style state, secular, democratic, egalitarian, and welfare-conscious. Bourguiba, with no taste for economics, lets his younger colleagues do the dreaming about mass social reform. He himself concentrates on politics, in which he is a romantic of the 1789 and 1848 schools. He gives lip service to the Arab world, but all his dreams about Tunisian progress have a western coloration.

Arrayed against the reformist wing of the Neo-Destour are the powerful bourgeois merchant families, the rich landowners, the Great Mosque and its obscurantist, Mecca-inclined hierarchies—and the Bey's court. These have each their separate reasons. But they agree on opposing the Bourguiba notion of a constituent assembly, elected by universal suffrage, to draft and vote a Jeffersonian document. They prefer to let the Bey name a council of notables that will recommend a prudent charter for His Highness's bestowal on a grateful people. The Bey is nothing loath. He has not forgotten that Bourguiba once promised to throw His Highness out as a French puppet. Nor that he announced, just before coming home, that Tunisia would be a nonclerical democracy. Soon after that, the Sheikh ul-Islam Ennifer and other dignitaries of Moslem Tunisia sat in audience at Carthage. *"Destourourna, al Koran,"* they told the monarch—"Our constitution is the Koran." The Bey made no verbal reply, but he stroked his beard approvingly.

IT HAS ALWAYS been said that the danger in Tunisia, as elsewhere in French North Africa, was that sooner or later the moderate, French-educated nationalists would be challenged by Arab-centered extremists. It has proved to be sooner. Returning from three years' exile in Cairo, Salah Ben Youssef (no relation to the Sultan of Morocco) has explosively unfurled the banner of orthodoxy, traditionalism, Arab Leaguism, and *à bas la France!* Ben Youssef is no minor figure. He holds the title of party secretary-general and the official party appellation of Grand Leader. (Bourguiba rates officially as Combattant Suprème.)

Ben Youssef has pleaded at the French bar, and made good money at it. He wears western clothes, speaks impeccable French, and has a chic wife who would no more wear a veil on her face than a pail on her head. But he opens his public meetings with readings from the Koran. He delivered his first defiant speech after his homecoming from the pulpit of the Great Mosque. When the Neo-Destour's Political Bureau expelled him as secretary for committing it without authorization to support Algeria at the United Nations, he expelled the Political Bureau from the party, and cried: "The Bureau is for the French Union and the Occident. I am for the Arabs and the Orient!"

Ballot of East and West

The Grand Leader's chief talking point is that the conventions, negotiated mainly by Mongi Slim under Bourguiba's direction, solemnize a permanent Tunisian subservience to France, especially by yielding defense and foreign affairs "forever." Therefore, the conventions betray everything for which Tunisians fought and died. The argument is debatable. "No treaty is eternal," a highly placed Frenchman commented to me. "Ten or twenty years from now there will be a French commonwealth of free nations, or all of North Africa will have split away from us entirely." In its present financial condition, Tunisia could not support one platoon and one legation, let alone an army and a foreign service.

The dispute goes much deeper. Behind Ben Youssef hovers the spirit of the Bandung Conference, of Afro-Asia, of the Far East, of Islam. While this may be the better way for his country, it is clearly not so for a western alliance that seeks North African co-operation. Many Tunisians, too, feel it is not even a better way for Tunisia, which, they contend, can become a healthy, progressive society only by keeping its face turned westward.

But how many Tunisians? Ben Youssef is harnessing all the resentments in the populace, organizing all the divergent elements of opposition and discontent under the tent of Allah, Home, and Country. Nobody can demonstrate that he is receiving more than moral support from Cairo. But he has money of his own, plus the funds of those who fear the Bourguiba credo, and especially plus the wealthy merchants of Djerba, his island birthplace, whose canny citizens own the grocery stores and half of most other native enterprises everywhere else in Tunisia.

KNOWING he could not beat the Neo-Destour machine, Ben Youssef blandly outlawed the party congress where the issue was to have been decided in mid-November. When the congress nevertheless convened as scheduled, Bourguiba with equal blandness invited Ben Youssef to come and state his case before it. The Grand Leader replied in effect: Yes, but not as a prisoner in the dock before a phony court; first bring back the delegates you've purged for supporting me, and throw out those you've hand-picked in their place. The meeting naturally proceeded without Ben Youssef. The Combattant Suprème's stand for French agreement was thunderously ratified. Also carried by acclamation was Bourguiba's program for a demo-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cratic constitution, international reforms, and—not envisaged in the accord with France—the founding of a Tunisian Army, this last an obvious play to the grandstand. Meanwhile his rival pronounced these deliberations null and void and made his plans for a Neo-Destour congress of his own early next year.

Ben Youssef may end by winning enough support to seize the party command for himself or by creating a second party. A two-party system has never in itself meant calamity. The question is whether an untried Tunisia can survive the kind of political debate where hunger, disease, and ignorance sit in the arena, and knives and pistols are the persuaders.

Rule of the Marketplace

Anyone who has attended a Tunisian rally of either faction lately will have observed the ecstasy in the faces, the frenzy in the eyes. Already heads have been broken and liberty of speech denied by gangs in both camps who a short time ago were blood brothers against the French. At this moment it would be rash to predict whether Tunisia will become a state ruled by ballot or another one of those dreary countries where mindless mobs and cliques make seasonal *coups d'état*. But it does seem regrettably likely that the government, in self-defense, will increasingly have to shape its policies to please the marketplace rather than serve the national interest.

RECENTLY I MET Ben Youssef again. We were on the same plane, he bound for Djerba, I for Tripoli. The day before, he had publicly accused Bourguiba & Co. of plotting his assassination. "I am putting my fight against the French aside," he told me. "It is now a question of purifying the nation. I'll fight those bastards to the limit." The airfield was a sea of faces as he landed. When the hatch opened, Ben Youssef went up the aisle, braced his shoulders, grinned at me, and gave himself to the crowd. Nearly all Djerba had evidently come, by bus, taxi, limousine, carriage, and bicycle. I lost sight of him in the engulfing mass. Ten minutes later the dogged chant "Ben Youssef, Ben Youssef, Ben Youssef" was still audible as the propellers began to turn.

Trouble On the Northern Tier

RAY ALAN

THERE was just a whiff of Munich in the foggy air over London as Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan took off for Bagdad. He was on his way to the inaugural meeting of the Council of Signatories of the Bagdad Pact (Turkey, Britain, Pakistan, Iraq, and Iran).

At first sight, the post-Geneva chessboard seemed to hold some elements of a Munich-type situation. The European corner of the board was jammed tight: For the moment nothing could be advanced or disengaged on either side. But the Middle Eastern sector was active. The Kremlin, jumping over Washington's frail Northern Tier to land in Egypt and India, had caught the West napping. Some interested onlookers had their eyes on Israel, an underemployed western piece, whose sacrifice, they suggested, would give both sides elbow room.

A leading French diplomat had recently compared Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett's mission to Geneva with Czech President Benes's efforts on the eve of Munich. *Le Monde* had judged Sir Anthony Eden's advice to Israel in his Guildhall speech of last month (see page 15) "strangely similar" to that which Neville Chamberlain gave Czechoslovakia. In unexceptionable—but deliberately ambiguous—terms, the Prime Minister had urged Israel and its neighbors to negotiate a mutually acceptable territorial settlement. He had seemed smoothly to suggest that Israel cede territory to the contiguous Arab states.

Last April, when Sir Anthony used similar words, the Foreign Office later explained that all he meant was the ironing out of minor frontier kinks—he had no designs on Israel's oil-bearing Negev. Without waiting for any such clarification this time, Mr. Sharett sharply proclaimed Israel's refusal even to contemplate territorial concessions. But the Assistant Secretary-General of the Arab League, Sayed Raif Bellama, went much further. Rejecting Sir Anthony's appeal outright, he declared, "No Arab leader can ever agree to negotiate with Israel." And Radio Cairo, commenting on efforts of the British Ambassador to Egypt in support of U.N. plans to pacify the El Auja "neutral zone," said: "Egypt will not accept interference by unqualified outsiders." The British Foreign Office then issued a statement deploring—exclusively—"Israel's uncooperative attitude."

When, after this, the Cairo junta triumphantly announced Britain's "surrender" to its blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba—henceforth British ships will enter this international waterway only with Egyptian permission—it was as if the calendar had been flipped back to the feckless years when Eden and Macmillan were themselves squirming under the humiliation of Chamberlain's acquiescence in the Fascist blockade of Spain.

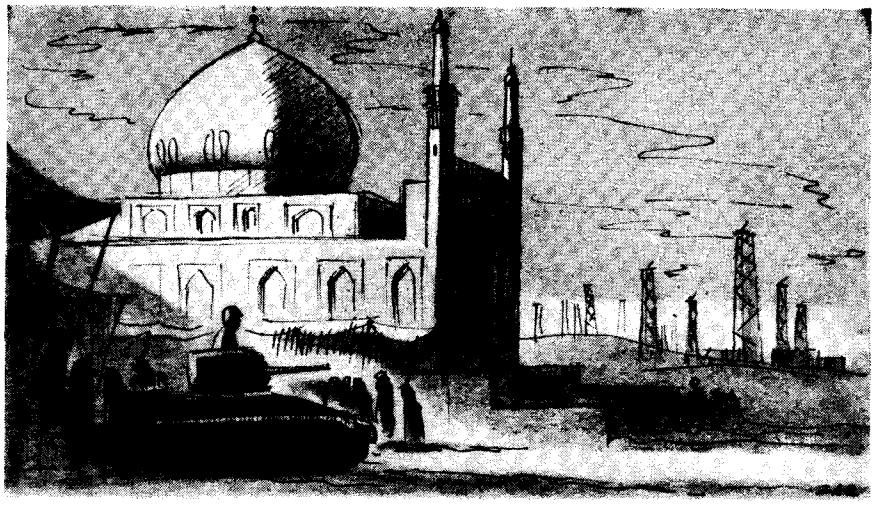
BUT BRITAIN was not alone. All three western representatives in Damascus had been told by Syrian Premier Saïd el-Ghazzi at the beginning of November that his Government no longer considered itself bound by Syria's armistice agreement with Israel or any other international commitment with regard to Palestine. Emboldened by the prospect of a "commercial transaction" of his own with Czechoslovakia, the Syrian Premier bluntly warned the West not to counter Egypt's rapprochement with the Soviet bloc by supplying Israel with arms.

All three western envoys to Bagdad had been informed by the Iraqi Foreign Minister, also in November, that Iraq had no intention of observing any restrictions whatsoever on the use to which it might put its western-supplied Bagdad Pact arms. It considered itself free to send these arms to any Arab state that might

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need them for "defensive action" against Israel. An Iraqi military spokesman subsequently announced that "Iraq's best brigade, equipped with the latest British and American matériel," was ready to march to the Israeli frontier at a moment's notice.

No western spokesman "deplored" any of this. Nor, on the other hand, did Secretary of State Dulles explain how the use of American and British arms to heighten tension around the Holy Land could possibly contribute to western security—though presumably he thought it would, for the western governments soon made clear their intention of rushing even greater quantities of arms to the Iraqis and almost everyone else in the region with an itchy trigger finger. In Lebanon, for example, Premier Rashid Karamy, an opponent of Mr. Dulles's "Northern Tier" policies enunciated in the Bagdad Pact, had only to declare (November 4) that "it is high time for the Arab states to take decisive action against Israel" in order to receive—according to both British and Lebanese sources—a "firm and pressing offer" of western military supplies, including jet aircraft. France, for its part, resumed arms shipments to Egypt.



WESTERN POLICY in the Middle East had been tying itself in knots for some time. Its latest tangle was the Bagdad Pact—"that much overrated instrument," in the words of the soft-voiced London *Observer*—on which Secretary Dulles apparently decided to stake all at the beginning of this year.

Iraqi Premier Nuri Pasha es Saïd commended the pact to his followers on three main counts: It would, he said, strengthen Iraq vis-à-vis Israel; it would encourage the West to adopt an anti-Israel attitude; and Iraq would obtain, as the price of its adherence, the liquidation of the unpopular Anglo-Iraqi treaty of 1930. Iran's Premier Hussein Ala told the Majlis in Teheran that Iran's membership in the pact did not signify the abandonment of its policy of "armed neutrality" between the two major power blocs. Yet Iraq and Iran, both so clearly disinclined to consider themselves seriously committed, were the pact's only new recruits (its three other members—Britain, Turkey, Pakistan—were Allies of the United States anyhow), and Iraq's participation was finally brought about only by a promise of U.S. and Turkish support in securing the abrogation of its earlier, far more businesslike treaty with Britain.

Tiers, Idle Tiers

So much for the pact's military and geopolitical significance. Its impact on the local Arab scene was more momentous. It split the Arab League more deeply than ever before and plunged the region into a state of chaos unequaled since the late Ernest Bevin's heyday. By late spring it had become clear that "as a direct rejoinder to Washington's Iraqi policy"—to quote from my own "Western Pactomania in the Middle East," *The Reporter*, June 16, 1955—the Cairo junta was moving toward a rapprochement with the Soviet bloc. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser says he personally warned the State Department, also in June, that he was contemplating his deal with Russia. "It seems they thought I was bluffing," he added. And Major Salah Salem, then still Minister of National Guidance, declared publicly in the last week of June (was everyone in Washington on holiday that month?) that "If the West continues its policy of splitting the Arabs by means of pacts, we shall seek aid from Russia. . . . We are tired of these pacts Washington is churning out and pestering us to sign."

When, to the State Department's apparent surprise, the Egyptian junta definitely concluded an agreement with the Communists, the West had no choice but to set about reaping the whirlwind it had sown in Bagdad—and first of all in Bagdad itself. A senior official spokesman of the Iraqi Government there declared that unless the West supplied his country without delay with "the latest types of weapons," in addition to those already agreed upon, Iraq would turn to Russia—an eloquent testimony to the true worth of the Bagdad Pact. The prospect of seeing their Northern Tier equipped to defend democracy with Soviet weapons was more than even the least astute western officials could bear, and the arms race was on.

THE HIGH-MINDED exhortations against starting an arms race that were promptly directed at Israel, as if somehow it were Israel that had touched the whole thing off, provided just the bouquet the historians of fifty years hence may relish most. Actually, the main feature of the race, obscured by the propaganda barrage that both wings of the Arab League laid down against Israel, was a contest between Egypt and Iraq. As the Cairo daily *Al Akhbar*, which is closely supervised by the junta, reminded its readers (I am condensing slightly):

"When western circles speak of maintaining the balance of power in the Middle East they give the impression of meaning the balance between Arabs and Jews. This is somewhat disingenuous. The real balance that matters is that between those states (such as Iraq and Iran) that are still tied to the West by military pacts. Britain and the United States

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clearly seek to maintain western influence by means of such pacts. The Arab-Israel question is merely one facet of this larger issue, an issue older than the modern state of Israel."

For western psychological warriors assigned to labor in the Middle Eastern vineyards, it was vital to smudge this neat black-and-white Egyptian antithesis between "independent" Arab states and western satellites. Radio Cairo's anti-pact propaganda, seconded by Syrian and Saudi Arabian efforts, was known to be receiving a sympathetic hearing in Iraq. The Bagdad mob, moreover, has developed a habit of running amok at delicate diplomatic moments. Nothing would have delighted Arab nationalists more that to see the assembled Bagdad Pact notables tossed into the Tigris.

The Egyptian Game

It fell to Britain, the western power with the most at stake in Bagdad and the one best equipped with Arabic-language information services, to do something about sweetening the Iraqi air. The perfume chosen was, as already indicated, that classic headspinner *Rêves de Munich*. Its two main ingredients on this occasion were Sir Anthony's well-timed ambiguity and official Iraqi assertions that henceforth it was perfectly all right to use Bagdad Pact arms against Israel.

The underlying assumption in Whitehall was that this essay in equivocation could be faded out and forgotten once the Bagdad talks were safely over. (The fading out actually began in the House of Commons on November 24, the day after Foreign Secretary Macmillan's return, when Sir Anthony assured the Members that he had, of course, had no intention of creating the impression that Israel alone ought to make concessions.) It betrayed once more that fundamental lack of comprehension of the Levantine mentality which has already cost Britain so dear.

On the whole, of course, a reasonably workmanlike job was done, without committing Britain irrevocably to much of anything. The edge was taken out of Radio Cairo's voice for a few days and the Bagdad meeting passed off with no more serious hitch than—according to Arab sources—an Anglo-Turkish disagreement over economic policy. (Turkey, in the throes of a severe economic crisis, reportedly pressed for more substantial western aid to pact members than could initially be promised.) Even Egyptian officials and journalists, who had at first been suspicious of Britain's appeasement offensive, began to express the view that there might be something in it after all.

Unfortunately for the West, the Egyptians who were convinced attributed Britain's conversion to the success of Egypt's show of firmness

and independence, as epitomized by its rapprochement with the Soviet Union. "Another two shipments of Soviet arms," argued this school, "and we'll have Dulles himself knocking at the door." The conviction took root that such gestures as Sir Anthony's apparent retreat from the 1950 Tripartite Declaration on Israel's borders and his surrender of British rights in the Gulf of Aqaba were no more than a foretaste of the prizes the West would rush to bestow if the Bagdad Pact really collapsed and it found itself without a foothold in the Arabic-speaking states. From this conviction to a decision to help bring about such a collapse is but a short step.

Syria and Saudi Arabia are already sustaining republican elements in Iraq in hopes of undermining the Hashemite royal family—Syria because it fears Hashemite expansionist ambitions, the Saudis in pursuance of their traditional feud with that family. The neutralist majority in and around the Cairo junta, while fundamentally anti-Hashemite, would be satisfied with a less drastic transformation of Iraqi political life, and believes that in spite of the oppressive nature of the Bagdad régime much can be achieved by working on Iraqi public opinion.

For example, it points out, the mere announcement of Egypt's arms deal with the Soviet bloc, underscored by the El Auja clash, fired the imagination of articulate Iraqis to such an extent that their Government was forced to purchase popularity by publicly revoking whatever restrictions it had previously agreed to on the use of Bagdad Pact arms, by announcing its acknowledgment of Egypt's leadership of the anti-Israel coalition, and by offering to place Iraqi units under Egyptian command in the event of a major flare-up. The actual appearance of Soviet tanks and Migs on Israel's southern frontier can therefore be expected to touch off repercussions in Bagdad that may alone suffice to wean Iraq altogether from its western connection—unless the Iraqis are allowed to drag the West into a state of outright hostility toward Israel.

This Egyptian view has a good deal of logic behind it. From now on, the onus will be upon the Iraqi oligarchy to prove that the West has not contaminated it by outbidding Egypt in the anti-Israel auction and showing its readiness to match Egypt's Soviet-bloc arms with western weapons. To survive, the Iraqi leaders will have to substantiate their claim that it was not the West that ensnared them in an "imperialist" alliance but they who lured the West into arming them against Israel. In short, the western powers are being plunged by proxy into a grand contest in irresponsibility which Russia, having the least to lose, has the greatest chance of winning.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jules Moch On Disarmament

By the French Representative on the U.N. Disarmament Commission

IS IT POSSIBLE to think seriously of disarmament so long as the great powers find no ground for agreement on the basic issues that divide them? One would be tempted to say "No," remembering that negotiations on disarmament had practically to be broken off—even if the delegates avoided admitting it publicly—whenever friction between the Communist and the western blocs became acute as it did at the time of the Berlin blockade and all through the Korean War. In fact, the same could be said now after the failure of the November conference at Geneva.

But nothing is more dangerous in international affairs than the all-or-nothing attitude—and particularly in the search for the reduction of armament that is usually called disarmament. Without doubt it is inconceivable even to suggest that there should be disarmament everywhere so long as there is fighting going on somewhere. But it is equally absurd to hold that all political conflicts between groups of nations must be resolved before a disarmament treaty can be discussed. Indeed, it can be said that there are crucial divergencies of interests, and diplomatic conflicts that cannot be solved while the armament race goes on but that can be brought close to a solution once the framework of a disarmament agreement is firmly established.

The last Geneva Conference offers the best evidence on this very point. The four Foreign Ministers failed to solve the problem of German reunification. But such a failure can surprise only those who do not care to make the effort—the duty of any negotiator—to foresee and evaluate how the other side will react. Was it conceivable that without more substantial reassurances than those offered by the West, the Russians would accept a Germany at once reunified, rearmed, and integrated within an Atlantic Alliance which they consider—certainly wrongly, but maybe sincerely—directed against themselves?

If some progress had been made in the disarmament negotiations, the second Geneva Conference would not have ended in entirely predictable failure.

The Two-Pronged Attack

The Soviets had accepted last May 10 that part of the proposal made by

the French and British on April 19 which set definite and relatively low ceilings on the armed forces and conventional armaments of the five permanent members of the U.N. Security Council. The United States, Russia, and China—nations with more than a hundred million inhabitants each—were allotted a million to 1.5 million men, France and Great Britain 650,000 each. The proposal specified "substantially lower" ceilings for all other nations. Further negotiation would assign this group of powers controlled ceilings corresponding more or less accurately to each nation's requirements for internal security, with little or no strength left over for aggression. Thus, within the general frame of a disarmament treaty, limited German rearmament, subject to inspection, could not cause the Russians anxiety even if rearmament were accompanied by Germany's reunification and its adherence to the western group.

Here is a very clear example of a principle I have maintained for years. The solution at the diplomatic level of differences that have arisen as a result of the war should not be sought either in abstract generalities or in piecemeal expediency but by setting up a framework for finding disarmament agreements. Peaceful settlements of international disputes must be accompanied by simultaneous reduction of warmaking potential on both sides. Reduction of armaments can pave the way to solving conflicts of international interest, and diplomatic solution of conflicts makes for further progress on the road to disarmament. To use the soldier's language, we must attack on two fronts, simultaneously or alternately. As Marshal Joffre used to say, we must "nibble" at them rather than concentrate our offensive in a frontal attack on one while ignoring the other. The chances of war can be diminished by tackling both the causes and the weapons of war.

That is why I believe that it was a mistake at Geneva to give absolute priority to German reunification over disarmament. In fact, it was this mistake which made reunification impossible.

What Comes First?

A second series of differences that led to the Geneva failure is of a diplomatic and strategic nature. In their reply of May 10 to Franco-British compromise proposals, the Soviets accepted several of them as a basis for further discussion. But in their answer, the Russians insisted, among other things, on the dismantling of what they call "military bases on foreign territories," the gradual evacuation of all foreign troops from Germany, the settlement of existing difficulties in the Far East, and a stop to propaganda, which they called warmongering. On other occasions they have advocated the breaking up of both the Atlantic Alliance and their own Warsaw agreement.

The Russians offer such proposals as prerequisite to the restoration of confidence, and to the establishment of an effective international control

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system. They seem to assume that once the West abandons most of its defense positions the present atmosphere of mutual suspicion will vanish. They seem to ignore, deliberately or not, that no nation in the western camp—least of all the United States—wants to keep its troops forever away from home. No country suggests that a system of alliances holding two power blocs face to face constitutes in any way a final and satisfactory status for mankind. And I assume, too, that no country is anxious to carry on radio or newspaper attacks against a neighbor nation indefinitely.

But if any Russian seriously thinks that bringing home American soldiers or breaking up NATO would reestablish confidence in the world, he is greatly mistaken. It is the other way round: Re-establishment of confidence must come first. It is this accomplishment alone that will permit the gradual and prudent repatriation of our soldiers, render military alliances unnecessary, and put a stop to the war of the air waves.

In other words, the system of armed collective security—as it has come to exist through the Treaties of Washington, Brussels, or Paris—can in no way be considered an end in itself or a happy guaranty of lasting peace. But such a system can be abandoned only when both sides are assured of a more stable, more enduring, and widespread security founded on disarmament and controls.

The Inspection System

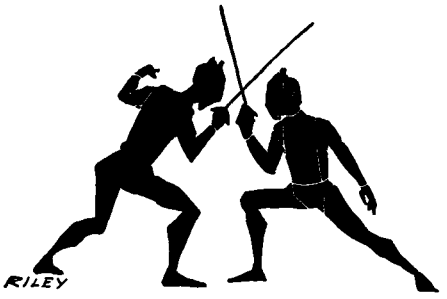
On two major points technical differences between the two camps affect the very substance of disarmament. The more important concerns the controls under which the treaty can be carried out. Everyone agrees that disarmament with inadequate controls, or with none at all, would be a dangerous snare, perhaps a deadly one for nations honestly and faithfully living up to their commitments. A strict inspection system is therefore imperative. Everyone admits this principle but there is serious disagreement as to its application. For a control system to be effective, in my opinion:

¶ Inspectors must be on the spot, ready to function, before the operations they are to supervise begin.

¶ At each stage of the disarmament plan a corresponding control body must exist that is capable of effectively inspecting the operations of that stage.

¶ The powers and prerogatives of the control agencies must be such as to permit them at all times to perform their mission.

¶ Any advance from one stage of the disarmament plan to the next must be made dependent on a double check. The international control body must have complete and independent authority, first to guarantee that the preceding operation has been effectively carried out, then that those whose duty will be to control the coming operation are in a position to carry out their task.



No doubt these conditions are obvious and essential, but unfortunately the Russian negotiators do not seem to share this view. In the first place the western negotiators have never been given written assurance of Russian agreement that the control missions should be physically on the spot before the beginning of the operations they are to control. On this point we of the West are still in the dark.

In the second place, the Soviets are not looking for control missions adequately adapted to their functions—at least not at the beginning of their operation. In their proposal of May 10, brought up again at Geneva by Marshal Bulganin, they suggested, for the first stage of disarmament, a control body with no freedom of movement. Fixed controls would be stationed in major seaports, airfields, railroad centers, and strategic road arteries. Such an organization doubtless could verify the absence of troop concentrations and so ensure against surprise aggression of the conventional type. That is just what the Russians say is needed to re-establish a minimum of confidence. But no such apparatus could check whether or not the reductions in armed forces and conventional armaments, foreseen in the first stage of the disarmament plan, were actually carried out. The Russians have no provision to this effect in spite of the fact that these reductions are no minor matter: Actually, both in the Franco-British project of April 19 and in the Russian reply of May 10 these reductions amount to no less than half the total reductions in conventional armament that the disarmament treaty is supposed to bring about. Thus the execution of an essential part of the general plan is not subject to control.

Powers of the Inspectors

Then there is the third point—the authority of the control system. It is true that in the second stage of the treaty's execution—when as stated both in the Franco-British and Russian plans, the second half of the reductions in conventional armament are to be carried out, and nuclear and mass-destruction weapons eliminated—the Russians accept a broader control system. Yet that system is far from clearly defined. It will have at its disposition, the Soviet proposal informs us, a "staff of inspectors who *within the bounds of the control functions they exercise* would have unhindered access at any time *to all objects of control.*" Obviously the two reservations that I have placed in italics take all meaning out of the formula and cancel its intent. The inspectors must have "unhindered access at any time" to wherever their duty calls them. But just where, under the Russian formula, can they go? What "bounds" are there to their functions? Just what will be "objects of control"?

I have never had any answer to my repeated requests for more precision, just as there were no comments or counterproposals to far more precise and detailed texts submitted to the Russians no fewer than five different times during our last debates—once jointly by the West, by France three times, and once by Great Britain. Yet it is clear that the existence of substitute industries—to take only one example, it is technically possible to substitute glass for steel in the manufacture of artillery shells—makes it imperative to restrict neither the objects of control nor the powers of the inspectors.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Furthermore, and even more important, the Russians refuse to make the passage from one disarmament stage to the next dependent on verification that the first stage has been effectively carried out, and that control of the next is assured. They feel that the West seeks such a provision because it will permit holding up the whole process of disarmament at any moment it chooses to do so. The Russians maintain that, since every nation is obliged to carry out to the letter the commitments it agrees to, the successive stages must be subject to a time limitation—which happens to be a short one—and must follow upon each other automatically without any interference whatever on the part of the control system.

The Scientific Problem

To these technical difficulties, which are serious but can be disposed of through well-prepared and assiduous negotiation, I must add another. It is a scientific problem and for the time being no solution to it is in sight. Again and again, for nearly four years, I have warned about the danger of delay in bringing nuclear energy within a control system. With present techniques, experts estimating the size of a stock of fissionable material can only come within twenty-five to thirty per cent of accuracy. This margin of error was not too important as long as stockpiles remained small; it becomes of tragic importance today, when it could mean a camouflaged surplus capable of annihilating a great nation.

Here we face the dismal difference between conventional and nuclear disarmament. If an error is made in evaluating conventional forces, if a nation with an allotment of a thousand planes actually has 1,300, the fact is regrettable; it does not, however, threaten the future of mankind. But suppose that a nation declares possession of fissionable material for a thousand bombs and conceals fissionable material for three hundred bombs. Such a nation could impose its will upon powers that have faithfully carried out their obligations, by threatening to use for bombs the stockpile it never declared.

All admit today what the French U.N. delegation has been announcing for so long: that it is impossible to detect with any precision the size of existing stockpiles. But everyone draws a different conclusion.

For several years the French have warned of this peril in order to promote a spirit of conciliation and to urge an abandonment from extreme positions such as that of the Baruch plan. Our purpose was to reach a control system acceptable to all—before it was too late. Our appeal went unheard. The time that was lost cannot be regained. Without unforeseeable discoveries, no actual form of control or inspection can provide full security.

The Russians, although aware of the fact, seem unwilling to draw the proper conclusions from it. They proclaim their own good faith and their conviction that all other nations will act in similar good faith too. They propose a solemn ban on

nuclear weapons, and they claim that such a ban would have great moral value. It would be accompanied by the conversion to peaceful use of all stockpiles of fissionable material —free from international control.

From this same fact—that stockpiles cannot be detected with any precision—the Americans, on the other hand, conclude that it is impossible to eliminate nuclear weapons at the present time for lack of any guarantee that other nations will follow suit. Pending possible progress in detection methods, they have put on ice all their previous plans, including the one they agreed to March 8, 1955, which included the elimination of nuclear arms upon completion of reductions in conventional armament. This holding the plans "in reserve" means, according to them, that they will no longer support any of the previous plans, while still not completely withdrawing them, in the hope that they may be made feasible by future scientific discoveries. This change in the American position, one must admit, is somewhat embarrassing both for the United States and for the three cosignatories of these proposals.

The Eisenhower Plan

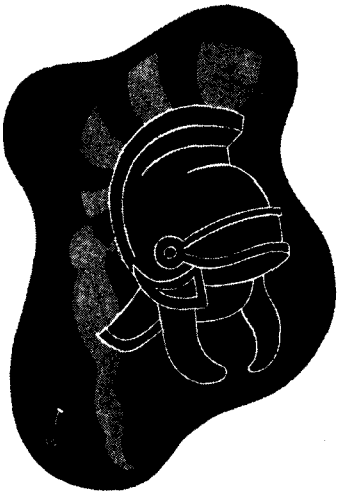
At the Geneva Conference of the heads of state, the American government sought to get around this difficulty by presenting the Eisenhower plan, which followed those of Eden and Faure. I was present at the Geneva Conference as I was at the meeting of atomic scientists and at that of the Foreign Ministers. I will never forget the moving sincerity of the President of the United States, his obvious conviction that he was proposing something new, dramatic, and effective in the service of peace, the cause to which he is utterly dedicated.

Yet my American colleagues will remember my skepticism at the time. The months that followed only strengthened it. Never have I believed that a formula for *control without disarmament* would receive the unanimous support of the governments—any more than a formula for *disarmament without control.*

There can be no denying that the Eisenhower plan, at least at the start, means control without disarmament. It is only after it has been put into effect that steps toward disarmament are to be discussed. There can be no question of the noble intentions of the United States in proposing to re-establish a minimum of international confidence by making surprise aggression impossible and by a frank exchange of military information and aerial photographs.

The unfortunate thing is that we find here, brought up to date of course and put forward with great fervor, the same classical formula calling for stages of "disclosures and verifications" before entering upon disarmament that the Americans have been proposing to the Russians for nearly ten years. The Russian position has never varied: "This exchange of information on the actual military situation has no interest for us at all," one of the

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



highest Moscow officials told me after the President had presented his plan. "What does it matter what forces either of us has today? The only thing that counts is what forces we will have left after the reductions and eliminations have been made."

THE TWO SIDES maintained their positions unchanged when at the November conference the Foreign Ministers, following the agenda, came to discuss disarmament after the discussion on Germany had failed. The second conference merely succeeded in further hardening the two already hardened positions.

In one respect, however, the second Geneva Conference has been useful. It allows us to see more clearly what lies at the heart of the matter. The American concept, adopted by the other western powers, if carried to its extreme conclusion practically gives up hope of getting disarmament started by demanding first a thorough and detailed system for the inspection and control of existing forces.

The Russian formula—absolutely rigid—calls for a general plan composed of successive stages established in advance and with automatic progression from each to the next. Good faith, presumably on all sides, will take the place of controls wherever their ineffectiveness has been proved.

The furthest the Russians will go is to let it be unofficially understood that they might agree to accept the new suggestions—the Eisenhower, Eden, or Faure plans—but only as elements in an undetermined phase, perhaps not even the first, of a general disarmament plan.

Reconciling the Plans

The two theses, however contradictory they may appear, could be reconciled, and certainly an earnest attempt to do so should be made. Disarmament, after all, is a matter for unanimous decision. So long as one side is still hoping to win the other over to its views, it is premature to attempt any compromise. Yet compromise one must when it is obvious that neither side can prevail, and when the only remaining choice is between prolonging the status quo, that is to say the armament race with all its frightening hazards, or using all the vigor and imagination we have to open up new paths.

That is why I proposed to the United Nations subcommittee on disarmament a broad plan based on the following three principles:

¶ No control without disarmament;

¶ And no disarmament without control.

¶ But, step by step, disarmament in all that can be controlled.

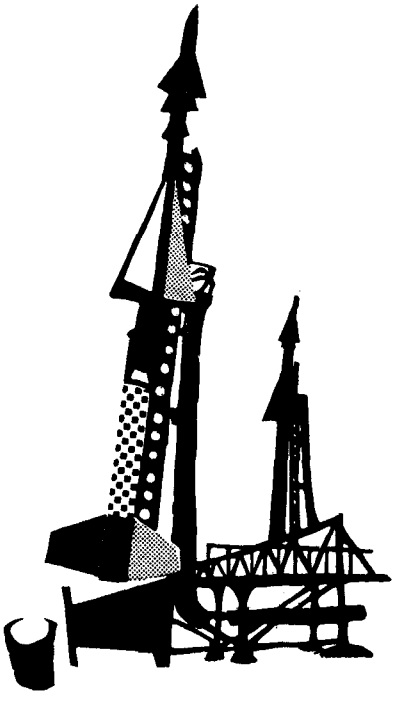
Following this line of thought, it is possible to hope that previous plans will be amended in some such way as this: a preliminary phase in which the Eisenhower plan, extended to all nations, the Eden plan for a "pilot" joint inspection system in a limited area, and the first part of the Faure plan for reductions in national military budgets would go into effect. This phase would be followed by a series of pre-established stages, written into the plan, during which reductions in armed forces and conventional armaments would be carried out and certain nuclear weapons would be banned—those only which it is already feasible to control effectively. The question of eliminating existing stockpiles would be postponed pending the results of international research by atomic scientists toward a workable system of detection. The plan would be supplemented by a prohibition of test explosions for military purposes —such as the Soviets have proposed—together with international control for tests designed to develop the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

This, of course, it only a rough outline of the path future negotiations should take. What is important is to understand fully that the rigidity of fixed positions such as they now exist, with no move toward compromise, increases mistrust on both sides, each accusing the other of bad faith. This can only accelerate the armament race—which now is a race in nuclear weapons.

SUSPICION EXISTS on both sides. The West accuses Russia of bad faith, and does so in all earnestness. I happen to speak Russian; during these recent years I have talked on many occasions with Russian leaders; I have come to believe that the reverse also is true: The East mistrusts the West as fiercely as the West mistrusts the East.

The spirit of conciliation and compromise, realistically depending on effective controls, must work to abolish gradually this mutual mistrust and the peril it contains.

The stakes are so vital that as soon as conciliation appears in any measure possible all minds turn to it, as we have learned lately. Statesmen have no right to forget that henceforth the choice lies between gradual and controlled disarmament and immense danger to mankind; between the immeasurable benefits of a peaceful atomic revolution and perhaps the end of civilization. How could public opinion anywhere possibly tolerate continued inaction—particularly since it becomes increasingly clear to everyone that inaction is folly?



PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

People in Mississippi

1. Trial by Tape Recorder

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

On September 27 the citizens of Holmes County, Mississippi, took a vote and told the Coxes and the Minters to get out.

David Minter is a friendly doctor, and the doctor in Holmes County, as elsewhere, is a figure to whom extraordinary deference is given. Mrs. Cox is an able Sunday-school teacher, and Sunday-school teachers in Holmes County rate almost up with doctors. Eugene Cox is a tall, quiet, unassuming man, and Mrs. Minter a friendly, pleasant young woman. Their families abound in missionaries and ministers; their youth was filled with Presbyterian Sunday schools, Y.M.C.A. work, and Methodist student movements; their day begins with family devotions around the breakfast table and toast crumbs on the Bible.

County Attorney Pat Barrett said earnestly of the vote against the Coxes and Minters, "There is nothing personal in this," and J. P. Love, who chaired the meeting at which the vote was taken, talked wistfully about Dr. Minter to the *Presbyterian Outlook:* "I wish he weren't inclined as some think he is. He is well liked personally in the community and a real fine doctor."

Experiment in Living

The Coxes and Minters came to Mississippi in the late 1930's to help in a new project called the Delta Cooperative Farm up in Bolivar County. The farm brought some dispossessed and poverty-stricken sharecroppers together on a plantation they could own and run themselves. The idea was "realistic religion as a social dynamic," and in the somewhat extravagant language of a promotional pamphlet written in 1936, it was to replace "an outworn economic system by a new one." The *New Republic* carried a lyrical article saying, "It is a social act of strict heroism. Here are men and women—disease-ridden, illiterate, exploited—conducting one of the most daring, complex, highly civilized experiments in living the Western Hemisphere has known."

The two families would now admit, if Holmes County would listen, that the project in its early days was somewhat overpromoted. The directors were not expert farmers, the problems were immense, and the producers' co-op, far from replacing any outworn economic system, eventually failed.

Providence and the 'Nigras'

The Delta Farm was sold, and a second farm that had been bought in the meantime, called Providence and located in Holmes County, became the center of the work. Now all that remains of the earlier religious, health, educational, and economic objectives are Dr. Minter's clinic in a reconverted dairy barn, a credit union helping some two hundred Negroes, a small and battered nonprofit store that sells rubber boots and Oxydol to Negroes, summer camps for colored children in a few old buildings on the place, Sunday meetings every fourth week consisting chiefly of religious movies, and some tired and dusty acres for timber and cattle.

"We haven't got much here," says Cox, "except maybe a few principles." Those principles have changed a bit, too. The Coxes and the Minters do not now speak of building any new social orders. They have wanted only to bring unpretentious and unpublicized help to some people in one little part of the Mississippi Delta.

In their present distress they have hoped that Holmes County would reconsider the decision to expel them, and they have tried to avoid the intervention of any national organizations.

Providence Farm is isolated in the country, eight miles from the little town of Tchula (Choola), in the heavily Negro Delta section of the county, and part of the feeling against it reflects the wary curiosity and suspicion a small town generates for anyone or anything it cannot watch and does not understand: Why don't they grow any cotton or soybeans out there? Where do they get their money? What are they doing at those Sunday meetings? But the most persistent rumors of all stem from the subject most prominent in the county's fears: "They are stirring up the Nigras."

County Attorney Pat Barrett, who says his best friend is a Negro, will sincerely try to make the Northern stranger understand. It was, as the motion adopted at the meeting said, for the "best interests of the county" that the citizens told another friend of his, Eugene Cox, to leave. It was even for the good of Cox himself, who would be happier somewhere else. But most of all, it was for the good of Mr. Barrett's friends the Negroes. "We don't want a lot of good Niggers getting killed," he said.

The leap from the gentle ministrations of Cox and Minter to the violent death of Negroes may be hard for the outsider to make, but in Holmes County it seems to be automatic. It's not that the speaker himself will do anything. Nobody will be responsible, exactly. It will just happen.

To help the outsider understand the violence that will happen, those skips and jumps, those logical and moral lacunae in the minds of Holmes County's people, Mr. Barrett and his fellows have a figure that they cite regularly—the proportion of Negroes in the county. Edwin White, who is a lawyer and a legislator and seems to have a sort of specialization in these matters, has it worked out to the decimal: 74.8 per cent.

Mr. White, in his office across the square from Mr. Barrett's in the county-seat town of Lexington, will volubly explain to you the position of Holmes County. "What state are you from?" he asks, and, being told, he tells you, like a bright kid who knows the capitals of all the states, the number of Negroes there.

As to Cox and Minter on their Providence Farm, Mr. White is very blunt. "They were practicing social equality out there," he says, "and we

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

won't have that." Mr. White does not say, "We don't like it," or "We wish it were not so," or "We will try to talk to them about it." He says, pleasantly but with unmistakable meaning: "We won't have it."

The 'Break'

What happened in Holmes County was this: On September 23 a white girl reported that some Negro boys had whistled at her. Four teen-age Negroes were brought into Holmes County Courthouse in an atmosphere flavored by Southern resentment of the Supreme Court decision, by Mississippi's dislike of the "bad publicity" of the Till case, and by Holmes County's suspicion of Providence Farm. Edwin White speaks tenderly of "the little white girl" who was whistled at, though he can't right off remember her name. But he remembers well his version of what the Negro boys said, and repeats it several times so his listener can enjoy the full impact: "All white girls are whores, that's what the Nigra boys said."

Angry rumors circulated in the county to the effect that Cox and Minter had tried to get the boys released. When the boys were interrogated someone turned the question to Providence Farm, and someone suggested that the answers be recorded, and someone decided the tape recording should be played to a meeting of the county's citizens.

Sheriff Richard Byrd, County Attorney Pat Barrett, member of the state legislature Edwin White, and William Moses, an automobile salesman of Lexington, all questioned the boys. Other local whites were present to record the "testimony" of the four teen-age Negroes.

Why question the boys about Providence? Their whistling may be a result of what Negroes are taught at that place. Why tape-record the answers? We might want to use it at their trial. Was it used? No. Why call in extra, outside persons for the questioning? We wanted to be sure there was no question of coercion. Why play the tape to a meeting of citizens? Well, there were all these rumors about Providence Farm, and, in Mr. White's words, "We have been trying to get in on the inside of it for a great long time, and this was the break."

'Strong for What?'

The tape recording was made on Monday. By Tuesday evening, without any open publicity, more than five hundred citizens from all over the county gathered in the Tchula High School auditorium to hear it.

Dr. Minter and Mr. Cox were not told about the meeting until the afternoon before it was held; they made an attempt to get legal advice, but the two lawyers they called said they couldn't help them.

The meeting opened when chairman J. P. Love, a new member of the state legislature from Tchula, announced that they were met to defend the American Way of Life. There was an invocation, and then the playing of the tape recording took two hours. The tape consisted of questions put to the Negroes, one after another, by various of the white interrogators: Did you see colored children swimming with whites out there? Does the Minter family attend the meetings with the colored? Do they talk about the Supreme Court? About the Federal government? Did Dr. Minter just have one waiting room for colored and white? Do they tell you you can go to white schools?

ONE EXCHANGE went something like this: What do they do at those fourth Sunday meetings? They pray. Pray for what? Pray make us strong. Strong for what?

In the discussion after the tape was played one young man from Tchula stood, hands on his hips, before the crowd and said that what they were doing was disgraceful; he could get four scared "Nigger kids" from his field, he said, with all those big white men standing around, to testify to anything.

Dr. Minter denied that there was interracial swimming, and denied that they advocated integration, and denied that he had only one waiting room.

But this assembly of Mississippi white men, ordinarily quite nonchalant about the testimony of a Negro against a white man, this time knew whom it wanted to believe. "You have heard the truth!" cried Edwin White, pointing to the tape recorder.

Mr. Cox tried to make a distinction between what he inwardly believed and what he outwardly advocated, but this was too subtle a point for the now angry crowd. They shouted for him to state his own belief, and, in the climactic moment of the meeting, he replied that he believed that segregation is un-Christian. There was a stir in the crowd, and one loud-voiced man called out, with an eloquence greater than he knew, "This isn't a Christian meeting!"

A PLANTER MOVED that the Coxes and Minters be requested to leave—"for the best interests of the county." When the chairman asked for the affirmative votes, most of the assembly stood. Someone then insisted that the negative votes be made to stand. Some so minded had left the hall; some remained seated; one man came to the Minters after the affair to confess that he had been too scared to vote for them at the meeting. Cox and Minter say only two stood when the negative was called for. One was a blacksmith who felt such a drastic action should be prayed about before it was decided upon. The other was the Presbyterian minister from Durant, the Reverend Marsh Callaway. He had told the assembly that though he believed in segregation, he thought that the meeting was improper, un-American, and un-Christian. A week after the meeting Mr. Callaway learned that the elders of his church had voted a request that he resign. Last month members of the church unanimously asked that he be fired because he "got interested in politics."

Trio in Unison

Some residents of Holmes County would like now to say that the whole affair was just the work of a "few rough fellows." But chief officers and outstanding citizens of the county—the sheriff, county attorney, old and new legislators—were prime movers. A clue to the identity of the agency through which they moved may be found in this: J. P. Love is president of the Citizens Council of Tchula; Pat Barrett is president of the Citizens Council of Lexington; and William Moses, the auto salesman whose presence with the distinguished company at the tape re-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cording is otherwise unexplained, is chairman of the Citizens Council of Holmes County.

The Citizens Councils were founded shortly after the Supreme Court's decision against segregated schools. They are dedicated to the maintenance of segregation, literally with a vengeance. They began in Mississippi and are spreading, sometimes under other names, throughout the South; there are now reported to be some 263 of them in Mississippi alone. The distinguished Mississippi editor Hodding Carter has called them an "uptown Ku Klux Klan."

Some of the official literature denies that the Councils will use intimidation and economic pressure. But critics cite a striking list of recent Southern incidents, numerous and widespread, of men fired, blackballed, put off farms, cut off from business, arrested, newly taxed, threatened, and attacked for indicating any resistance to segregation.

The Councils may, in theory, just plan, suggest, co-ordinate, and, as some of their literature says, "share ideas," in this fight, while the rough work is sublet to individuals. Perhaps this makes it possible for more respectable and restrained members to be technically dissociated from what the more militant operatives will do. Of that, the affair in Holmes County is, by all reports, only a mild sample.

Conformity—the Best Policy

But it hasn't seemed mild to the Coxes and the Minters. For Dr. Minter, who gets into town to see patients, it isn't so bad; even the man who said, after the mass meeting, that "What we need tonight is a couple of grass ropes," has spoken to him almost as though nothing had happened. But for the women, who mostly stay out at the farm, the bark of a dog at night can bring the vision of a mob of men gathering around their houses. It has been hard to sleep.

The Coxes and the Minters each have three young children, ranging in age from seven to thirteen years. The thought that the parents could telephone for help was reassuring, but then one morning the telephone wires were down. They were not down in time, however, to forestall the anonymous threats: "How soon are you Communists out at Providence going to leave?"

Sheriff Richard Byrd came out with his deputies to protect them and set up a little campfire that could be seen all night down at the crossroads. But since the sheriff was one of the main figures in the movement to drive them from the county, they received his protection with mixed emotions. They learned that cars had been stopped, occupants questioned, and license numbers of their visitors taken down.

One morning in the mail there was a stark notice from the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company. With the five days' warning the policy required, the insurance on the equipment in the clinic was canceled. Later the Providence-Washington Insurance Company followed with a notice that the policy on the Minters' household goods was

also canceled. When they asked about all this, they were told, though not in writing, that they had suddenly become "unusual risks." The Lexington agent of the U.S.F.&G. is on the executive committee of the Citizens Council for the Congressional district.

Two other families who work on the farm are dependent on the project. Dr. Minter has built his practice through the years. The credit union is a complex operation that can be dissolved only by a vote of the members, and it has been impossible to hold a meeting because the Negro members have been told to stay away from Providence.

Insulated Conscience

The citizens of Holmes County recognize the personal virtue of the Coxes and the Minters. They had to be prodded by the Citizens Council and stirred up with a tape recording before they could be moved to go against the plain testimony of their own daily experience.

But the ordinary man anywhere is not prepared to concede a motivation radically higher or even different from his own, and is suspicious of it: Why does Doctor Minter stay out there in the back country with all those Nigras? He's a good doctor, and could make lots more money in town. Why would a college graduate like Cox go off into the hills to live his life with sharecroppers? There must be something shady about it. It's like the ward leader who encounters the enthusiast who wants to ring doorbells just for love of the cause; he'd rather the fellow would just do it for the ten bucks that's in it for him, like everybody else.

The Presbyterian pastor who has both the church in Tchula of which the Coxes and Minters were active members and also the Lexington church in which Edwin White is an elder has tried to stay completely away from the controversy. His sermon topic one Sunday shortly after the mass meeting, was "Infant Baptism." He is reported to have said that he has had trouble selecting topics, texts, and even hymns. Perhaps it might be hard to sing "God Send Us Men."

Whereas Providence Farm's Christianity tries to relate its compassion to the forms of a society, most of Holmes County's Christianity does not. At best, the latter becomes the source of a private decency carefully insulated from public affairs. At worst, it becomes a strong support for whatever patterns exist—like segregation.

Laying Sophistries Aside

The chief pamphlet now being distributed by the Citizens Councils in Mississippi, and given out by churches in the area, gives "A Christian View on Segregation." It is written by the former president of a Presbyterian college in Jackson. "Laying aside therefore the shallow sophistries, concerning so-called 'Civil Rights,' 'The Psychological and Sociological Effects of Segregation,' 'The Principles of Human Brotherhood,' . . . let us be realistic. . . ." Segregation, according to the author, is one of nature's universal laws; it tends to promote progress; it is a

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

well-considered, time-tested American policy; and it may be defended from the Bible.

But this pamphlet and the Councils do not represent quite all of Holmes County. A churchwoman rather apologized for her belief in segregation, saying that she almost changed it once, and she certainly admired the Coxes and Minters. An older man came surreptitiously out to Providence to plead with the folks there to stay. A spirited and courageous woman newspaper editor in Lexington has fought an editorial battle against the sheriff's brutality to Negroes which got her a prize and a libel suit.

The Coxes and the Minters are not organizers or agitators or resolution passers. They are not social reformers in the classic mold. They told the truth when they denied that they preached integration to the Negroes: They are quiet folk who don't preach much at all. But they do live and act according to what they believe.

What they believe comes from all those Christian summer conferences and work camps, from the Bible and the hymnbook, from *Day by Day*, the Southern Presbyterian devotion book, and the sermons--even on "Infant Baptism"--of Southern preachers.

This Christian source of their conviction means they should understand and forgive the malefactors on every side, and they make an impressive try at it. "In all this business I haven't heard them say one word against the people who are persecuting them," said one friend. They try earnestly to understand the truth in the rationalizations of the Southern white man, and they make what doctrinaire Northern voices might call "compromises." They don't insist on integration tomorrow morning before breakfast. They agree that there must be a long, slow, gradual process of education. But--they do want to start.

For they are led by their religious conviction to try to understand another, less articulate side, too: the Negro's. They remember the Holmes County Negro woman who said that they were the first white people she had been able not to hate. They show you the battered one-room schoolhouse where many Negro kids have had all their schooling, in struggling sessions of four or five months a year. They tell of a Negro being given thirty days, to punish Cox for trying to intervene on his behalf, and of the cheerful planter custom of settling their Negroes' misdeeds among themselves. They want these things to change. They aren't extremists. They aren't sentimental.

But they do wish a few more of the people of Mississippi were willing to join together, Negro and white, to work at ways of getting along better.

2. A County Divided Against Itself

DAVID HALBERSTAM

Yazoo City, the Gateway to the Delta, is a Mississippi town of eleven thousand people cradled in the eastern curve of the Yazoo River. The country around it is good for growing cotton. Like most such country, Yazoo County has undergone a steady decline in its Negro population. In 1900 the Negroes outnumbered the whites nearly three to one, 32,205 to 11,743; by the 1950 census the ratio had dwindled to about three to two, 22,071 to 13,632. Today about fifty per cent of a population of 29,500 are Negro.

Yazoo City is one of the five cities in traditionally segregated Mississippi that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has selected as targets for putting into effect the Supreme Court's desegregation decision. On August 6 this year, in keeping with the plans of the parent organization, the Yazoo City chapter of the N.A.A.C.P. submitted to the local school board a petition signed by fifty-three Negro parents asking for an immediate end to segregation in schools. Admittedly attempting to force the action through against the general wishes of the white population, it argued that integration worked in the Army and that therefore it can work in the schools. Even local liberals have generally opposed the petitions, arguing that the Army does not serve as a proper precedent because in wartime there was a common enemy and because economic fear stemming from job competition did not exist there.

The Councils Strike

News of the N.A.A.C.P.'s petition jolted Yazoo City. What happened next and who caused it is the subject of some disagreement. Whether the powerful economic sanctions used in retaliation against the Negroes stemmed directly from the Councils, or whether—as Nick Roberts, Yazoo Citizens Council chairman, claims—they were the result of Council information coupled with "spontaneous reaction of public opinion," is basically a technicality. Few Citizens Councils members would privately dispute that the basis for opposition to the N.A.A.C.P. was furnished by the Councils.

At any rate, the names of all fifty-three signers were listed in the weekly Yazoo City *Herald*, and reprinted the following week in a large advertisement paid for by the Councils.

About that time the firings and boycotts began. Either white men would fire a Negro worker immediately or a Negro would lose his job after another white man visited an employer and suggested that a petition signer be fired. Some Negroes removed their names immediately. Others held out a little while but eventually followed suit. Today two of the original fifty-three names remain on the list, and both names belong to Negroes who have since left Yazoo City.

Removal of a name, however, did not mean restoration of a job. Fourteen signers have left town; others are planning to go. Only those whose incomes come exclusively from the Negro section of town, such as undertaker Ben Turner, can continue a normal living. In a few instances, women who signed have continued to do washing for white families, but most of the remaining signers are now borrowing money

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from friends and barely eking out an existence.

The withdrawal of the names meant little to the white community, Roberts says, "because the people here took the idea that if they signed once, then they signed it, and it didn't make any difference if they withdrew it because they probably meant it in the first place. People here felt they didn't have any business signing it in the first place."

The leeway allowed a few of the Negroes occurred only in cases where a Negro charged he had been tricked into signing the petition. "We think the petition was taken around in an underhanded manner," Roberts claims, "and that frequently [Jasper] Mims and [Arthur] Berry [N.A.A.C.P. treasurer and president respectively in Yazoo City] misrepresented what they were doing."

'I Can't Get Work'

A few of the Negroes who, like Jeff Anderson, may do a little farming, and Oscar Williams, who has a regular veteran's check, have not been hit so hard. But more typical is Caesar Lloyd, a painter.

"I haven't completed a job since my name was on that petition," Lloyd says. "I only got two, and both times I was sent away when someone found out and told the person I was working for. Most of my business used to come from white folks, but I don't have much any more.

"I've got a wife and six children, and I'll probably have to leave here soon. I used to make about $60 a week with about $40 expenses, and now I can get a few small jobs from friends—a few dollars a week. I've been borrowing on groceries from a small Negro store here, and borrowing money outright from a colored friend of mine, but I can't afford this any more."

Hoover Harvey, a Negro plumber, says he encountered a similar situation. "I had done half of a job when the lady asked me to come back after the weekend. Then when I returned Monday, she told me I could finish if I took my name off the petition. I didn't take it off then, but I have since and it hasn't helped at all. I can't get work, and friends help me with money a little. It's pretty tough here right now. I just didn't think it would be this hard."

Another Negro who felt the pressure quickly was Nathan Stewart, owner of a grocery store near a new Negro housing development. "He had an excellent business there, right next to a seventy-two-unit project," Jasper Mims of the N.A.A.C.P. said, "but pressure was put on the wholesale companies who supplied him until he couldn't get any more supplies. When he ran out of stock, there was just nothing for him to do but leave and go North."

When I asked Nick Roberts of the Citizens Councils about this, he said he had heard about the incident, "and I guess that type of business would feel the pressure very quickly. I had heard that a lot of companies wouldn't sell to him."

In Yazoo City the racial breach is constantly widening. Neither race is willing to work for mutual goals at this point. "I don't think the Negroes realize how much this hurts them," one white businessman told me. "I know for a fact that the white people don't. But like it or not, we're here and we've both got to live together and work together here in Yazoo City. Purely as a businessman this may hurt me because if the Negroes withdraw their business and start shopping, say, by mail order, that will hurt. But that's a secondary thought. The key thing is trying to

live in an atmosphere of suspicion where you can't trust people and you can't speak out. Much of that situation hasn't reached here yet, but I don't like the way we're headed."

Nick Roberts Has Prayed

The lack of communication was graphically illustrated during my talks with Roberts. After I introduced myself and explained my purpose, I said that I had already talked with N.A.A.C.P. officials. Immediately he started to question me about their reaction. "How do they feel? What did they say? Are they very bitter? What do they plan to do now?"

Roberts is a handsome gray-haired man who is part owner of the Taylor-Roberts feed store in Yazoo City. He is an established leader of the white community, having served as head of the city council. When I arrived in Yazoo City, several people named Roberts as the man to see.

Roberts was anxious to sound me on my feelings about integration. "You've gone to integrated schools. How will it work out in colleges? Sports? Roommates? Do white girls go out with Negro boys? At a dance with Negro couples and white couples, do they interchange partners?

"I'm interested. I've thought about this an awful lot, stayed up nights and prayed, and I'm deeply concerned. I think integration is wrong. I'm not one of these radicals who says 'A Nigger is a Nigger and why bother?' This is a real problem, one which might have been worked by time itself—but the N.A.A.C.P. has stepped in before time.

"I don't think you can legislate so completely against custom as they have in this instance. That's why the people here are doing things they don't want to do, things they don't approve of any more than you sitting there do. This is a sad thing, but this is something we feel we have to do. It's really what we feel is our only means of protection."

Roberts was one of the original sixteen founders of the Yazoo City Citizens Councils, which here as in most localities were organized by some of the town's foremost white citizens. From the original sixteen, the membership has grown to 1,430. A sizable increase followed the petition incident, and a current membership drive is expected to bring the total even higher. The membership drive in Yazoo City, like the growth of these groups everywhere in the South, received an added stimulus from the Supreme Court's recent desegregation order for swimming pools, parks, and golf courses.

"The actual handing in of the petition," Roberts recalls, "hit the white people here by surprise and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upset them. The N.A.A.C.P. moved a lot quicker than anyone here anticipated, and the people were mad. You see, that's not the way we do things around here. When someone wants something he goes to a person and asks for it. He doesn't mail a paper and demand it.

"I'm not surprised by the reaction of the people, and the fact that the people don't want to do any business with the Negroes, and firing all of them. Everyone is the same way. No one wants his life regimented. Our Constitutional government just is not operated for some minority to come in and say 'We Demand.' "

'We Weren't Prepared'

When Roberts says "they," he does not refer to Yazoo County's fifteen thousand Negroes; he refers to the sixty-five members of the N.A.A.C.P. in general and the fifty-three signers of the petition in particular, but specifically and above all else to two men—Jasper Mims and Arthur Berry. It is no secret in Yazoo City that while a good portion of the Negro community has harbored and aided many of the signers, it nevertheless regards Mims and Berry with a certain amount of suspicion. Since the petition, the N.A.A.C.P.'s membership has fallen from about two hundred to sixty-five. "Even though we keep our membership lists a secret, we think a lot of Negroes are afraid of economic reprisals and don't trust the organization," Berry said. "At least a lot of them failed to renew their membership in a drive we held after the petition." Citizens Council officials, however, have attributed the drop to "the Negro's realization that the N.A.A.C.P. is hurting him and does not regard his well-being as important."

Arthur Berry was born in Lexington, Mississippi, sixty-one years ago. He is the son of a cotton farmer.The oldest N.A.A.C.P. member in Yazoo City, he joined in 1940. "I sent my membership in to the national office way back then," he says with pride, "after I read in the Negro newspapers what the N.A.A.C.P. was trying to do for the colored people."

Jasper Mims is somewhat more typical of the Yazoo membership. "I joined in 1948 when a Negro named R. T. Wright from Oklahoma City, one of the first organizers down here, came through and talked to myself and others."

The N.A.A.C.P. chapter in Yazoo City has been organized since 1948, but this petition represents the first specific action it has ever taken. "We got that petition form straight from Roy Wilkins [N.A.A.C.P. Administrator] in New York, and then we took it around to the Negroes we knew in our organization. The majority we talked to were willing to sign," Berry said.

"We expected pressure," Mims says, referring to the aftermath of the petitions, "but not this much. We just weren't prepared for it." Both Mims and Berry claim that despite Roberts's statements, the pressure was exerted directly through the Council. "Someone would call us and tell us something which they claimed had been decided that night at the Citizens Council meeting. They'd warn us then, and then it would happen that way—for instance what happened to Stewart's grocery store. That's one of the reasons we accuse them," Berry said.

Berry has no school-age children and couldn't sign the petition himself. Mims has three and signed. Both claim they have been the victims of anonymous threats.

"I'm a carpenter," said Mims, "and I didn't get any work for a long time, not even from a lot of Negroes, because I was known as the leader of the N.A.A.C.P. and they were afraid of me. I finally withdrew my name after a couple of weeks from fear for myself and family. Once someone called my wife up and told her that my body had just been found. I removed my name shortly after that.

"I signed that petition because I felt I was working for freedom. I don't feel free now. A man has a right to be a first-class citizen and sign anything he thinks is right without being threatened. I don't have much here now, not much work and a little property. We've stayed here in Yazoo City all these years because my wife didn't want to go and leave her people, but now when I can get a few things taken care of, I plan to leave. I can't do any more good down here."

Berry, however, says he has no plans to leave. "I haven't gotten much work lately as a bricklayer. People won't give me work and other men won't work with me. But my wife has a job for a company in Memphis, selling cosmetics and shampoos here, and I can help her with it now. We can make enough of a living, so I'll stay on here."

The Razor's Edge

What lies ahead for Yazoo City is difficult to predict exactly. Either side could move; either side could react. "I hope the N.A.A.C.P. will realize that it's hurting the Negro here and leave us alone for a while," Roberts says. "Right now we have a pretty sad thing—people doing what they don't like, living on a razor's edge, checking around on everything that doesn't look right. You can't explain things to people now; they won't listen and they won't try to understand. If people leave us alone, I think the people here will back down and get their feet on the ground, and work on their own problems. But otherwise for every amount of action, I'm afraid, there will be a lot of reaction."

But as both Roberts and Berry probably realize, there is very little chance of either side's conceding.

"We believe there can be integration in schools here in three or four years, maybe sooner, and I think the Negroes here are ready for it," Berry says. "We don't plan to walk out on this fight. I'm planning to file a legal suit for integration with the Yazoo City School Board as soon as I can find someone with a school-age child who's willing to stand up in a court fight. After that the swimming-pool decision is next on our list of action within the next twelve months. I plan to stay here and I think we can fight this all the way. I'm confident we'll find someone who'll stand up in a court case, and I know we're going to have integration."

TWO MILES out of town is a residence known as the Wilson House, which was Grant's headquarters at one point in the Civil War. Its upstairs walls are filled with inscriptions scratched by Union troops during their stay. Of the few that are still legible today, one serves as perhaps the best summation for both sides in the present conflict: "To the owner of this house," it reads: "Your case is a hard one and I pity you."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which Jefferson Do You Quote?

CLINTON ROSSITER

SINCE Revolutionary times, Americans have been in the habit of appealing to their great men of old for support in political controversy. Now, in a time of hesitation and anxiety, they are carrying this practice to ridiculous extremes. Conservatives and liberals, reactionaries and radicals, absolutists and anarchists, conformists and heretics—all are heard to argue, not that an idea or program is wise and workable, but that it would engage the earnest support of great Americans of the past if they were alive today. And it is the words, not the deeds of the illustrious dead—what they said, casually extracted from letters and state papers, not what they did, coolly examined in the perspective of their age—that are the chief weapons of rhetorical combat. To end a debate victoriously it is generally thought sufficient to quote a sharp slogan from an eminent American at least fifty years dead.

Lincoln, Franklin, Emerson, and Jefferson—or so at least it seems to a slave to the maudlin habit of reading the *Congressional Record*—are the heroes to whom appeals of this sort are most often and confidently taken, and of these Jefferson is undisputed champion. No wonder. He lived so long and had so many interests that just about any group in America from the American Federation of Musicians to the Overseas Press Club can elect him to honorary membership. He wrote so much on so many subjects at so many stages in his life, and with such grace, that it is a dull scholar indeed who cannot find a dozen elegant phrases in Jefferson's letters with which to pound almost any enemy into submission. Few men who quote Jefferson have the slightest notion or concern about the date or occasion or target of their favorite aphorisms. For all they care, he could have existed in a timeless vacuum. It is the words alone that count, and the words are lovely, plentiful, and infinitely malleable.

All this popularity is unfair to

Jefferson, for he was much too dedicated a man and too consistent a thinker to be the property of both Adlai Stevenson and Allan Shivers, both Hugo Black and Simon Gerson. If he goes on belonging to everyone, he may end up belonging to no one. Instead of serving us as master model of democratic thought and aspiration, he may yet be classed as a long-winded trimmer and be allowed to sink into disuse. This would be a tragedy; Jefferson must be rescued from the mouths of his 134,000,000 admirers (the number of Americans over nine years of age).

The way to do this, it seems to me, is to point out to them that they are not all talking about the same Jefferson. His mind, like that of all respectable political thinkers, was a unity made up of several parts; and it is to one or another of these parts—with no regard for the whole or the other parts—that most Americans like to go for verbal support. Indeed, having just come from an extended survey of contemporary public debate of every political shade in every medium, I count seven different Jeffersons who are being batted around the political arena in 1955:

1. Anti-Statist

This Jefferson shared many of the radical prejudices of his day, and no prejudice was more deeply ingrained in the minds of American, English, and French radicals than the assumption that government was inherently corrupt, oppressive, and malevolent. For centuries ordinary men had looked upon political authority as a tool of the rich, as a means for perpetuating privilege and legalizing inequality. When government intervened in the labor market, it was to keep hours up and wages down; when it intervened in commerce and finance, it was to grant favors and privileges to the few already on top of the heap. Active government was something associated with the likes of Alexander Hamilton; agrarian democrats had every reason to fear it. Like most men, they went farther than necessary in generalizing from their fears, and ended up as advocates of doctrinaire anti-statism. No American voiced these fears in more uncompromising language than Thomas Jefferson, who assaulted the Hamiltonian state and all its trappings:

"I own, I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive."

"I am for a government rigorously frugal and simple, applying all the possible savings of the public revenue to the discharge of the national debt; and not for a multiplication of officers and salaries merely to make partisans, and for increasing, by every device, the public debt, on the principle of its being a public blessing."

"I place economy among the first and most important of republican virtues, and public debt as the greatest of the dangers to be feared."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think we have more machinery of government than is necessary, too many parasites living on the labor of the industries."

The words of this Jefferson have proved especially useful over the past twenty years to the heirs of Hamilton—the Republican Party and the National Association of Manufacturers.

2. States'-Righter

This Jefferson distrusted one government in particular, even when he was a working member of it: the government of the United States under the new Constitution. Always something of a provincial, even when he prophesied the "empire of liberty," he thought it impossible that the new national government could be kept for long out of the hands of those whose schemes for glory ignored the interests of agrarian Virginia. Hamilton's successful drive for the first Bank of the United States, the Adams Administration's Alien and Sedition Acts, and Marshall's centralizing decisions in *McCulloch* v. *Maryland* and *Cohens* v. *Virginia* were giant steps on the road to a monolithic state, and he found words with which to castigate them:

"Our country is too large to have all its affairs directed by a single government. Public servants at such a distance and from under the eye of their constituents, must, from the circumstance of distance, be unable to administer and overlook all the details necessary for the good government of the citizens. . . ."

"What an augmentation of the field for jobbing, speculating, plundering, office-building and office-hunting would be produced by an assumption of all the State powers into the hands of the General Government. The true theory of our Constitution is surely the wisest and best, that the States are independent as to everything within themselves, and united as to everything respecting foreign nations."

"I see . . . with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the federal branch of our government is advancing towards the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the States. . . .

"It is not by the consolidation, or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected. Were not this country already divided into States, that division must be made, that each might do for itself what concerns itself directly, and what it can so much better do than a distant authority. . . . Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread."

Since the day of his death this Jefferson has been seeing heavy duty with groups out of favor and parties out of power in Washington. The embattled segregationists of Georgia and Virginia have succeeded the Republicans of the "twenty long years" as the men who know him least but love him best.

3. Isolationist

This Jefferson, like almost all Americans of his time, was worried sick lest the Republic become a pawn in the bloody diplomacy of Britain and France. No war fought in Europe could possibly threaten the United States, but involvement in such a war on the wrong side would surely invite retaliation by intrigue and invasion. Even more to the point, this Jefferson had an almost physical hatred for just about every government on the face of Europe. No matter which side Americans might take in a European squabble, they would find themselves allied with despots, thieves, and profligates. Neither militarily nor morally could the Republic expect to profit from any manner of alliance with any combination of powers. And therefore:

"I have ever deemed it fundamental for the United States never to take active part in the quarrels of Europe. Their political interests are entirely distinct from ours. Their mutual jealousies, their balance of power, their complicated alliances, their forms and principles of government, are all foreign to us. They are nations of eternal war."

"I am so far . . . from believing that our reputation will be tarnished by our not having mixed in the mad contests of the rest of the world that, setting aside the ravings of pepper-pot politicians, of whom there are enough in every age and country, I believe it will place us high in the scale of wisdom, to have preserved our country tranquil and prosperous during a contest which prostrated the honor, power, independence, laws and property of every country on the other side of the Atlantic."

These words could be multiplied almost without limit, but enough have been utilized to show why this Jefferson, a rabid isolationist in both mind and heart, remains a huge favorite of those who think of the Second World War as a "traitorous hoax," the Marshall Plan as a "squandering of our treasure," and our "entangling alliances" with France and Britain as "covenants with sin and decay."

4. Agrarian

This Jefferson was a Virginia planter, and he loved Virginia as it was and promised to be. An eloquent pleader for the interests of his own economic group, he identified these interests with those of the whole of society. By birth and temper a son of the soil, he could hardly imagine how upright men could detach themselves from it and pursue careers in factories and countinghouses. His visits to London and Paris strengthened his conviction that virtue flourished in rural seats and perished in urban streets. And so:

"Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever He had a chosen people, whose breasts He has made His peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue. . . ."

"Generally speaking, the proportion which the aggregate of the other classes of citizens bears in any State to that of its husbandmen, is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts, and is a good enough barometer whereby to measure its degree of corruption. . . . The mobs of great cities add just so much to the support of pure government, as sores do to the strength of the human body."

This Jefferson appeals to spokesmen for the farm bloc in Congress, advisers to 4-H Clubs, and sentimental agrarians, although it is gratifying to note how many of these people are too polite to quote him on "the moral and physical preference of the agricultural, over the manufacturing, man."

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. Rationalist

This Jefferson was the faithful son of the Enlightenment who wrote the Declaration of Independence and *Notes on Virginia,* corresponded with the learned of all countries, observed nature with a cool eye and enjoyed the arts with a warm passion, presided over the American Philosophical Society, conducted experiments in scientific agriculture, and founded the University of Virginia.

He believed in man—a moral being born free and equal, capable of indefinite if not infinite improvement through education, and qualified for self-government. He believed in progress—a beneficent state of events in which liberty, learning, and morality were all on the advance. And he was certain that human reason, employing the methods of science, would yet bring vice and misery to terms. Occasionally he was moved by the savagery of Europe to wonder if men were not innately pugnacious and corrupt, but he always returned to the optimistic view of man and society. Never at any time did he have the slightest truck with obscurantism, inhumanity, or vulgarity. He wrote words like these with evident conviction:

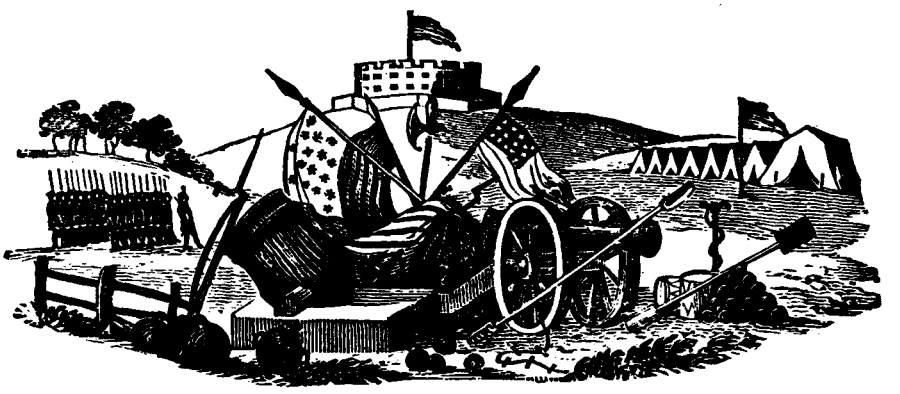
"I have so much confidence in the good sense of man, and his qualifications for self-government, that I am never afraid of the issue where reason is left free to exert her force."

"I look to the diffusion of light and education as the resource most to be relied on for ameliorating the condition, promoting the virtue, and advancing the happiness of man."

"When I contemplate the immense advances in science and discoveries in the arts which have been made within the period of my life, I look forward with confidence to equal advances by the present generation, and have no doubt they will consequently be as much wiser than we have been as we than our fathers were, and they than the burners of witches."

"And I am for encouraging the progress of science in all its branches; and not for raising a hue and cry against the sacred name of philosophy."

"I shall not die without a hope that light and liberty are on steady advance."



This Jefferson is obviously the favorite Jefferson of teachers, philosophers, humanitarians, and scientists.

6. Civil Libertarian

The rights of man were the passion of this Jefferson. He believed in liberty devoutly as each man's natural, even God-given heritage; he believed in it just as devoutly as the mainspring of social progress. Not content with mouthing beautiful phrases about human freedom, he tangled repeatedly with its sworn and unwitting enemies. The abolition of primogeniture and entail in Virginia, the Statute of 1786 for religious freedom, the Kentucky Resolutions, the repudiation of the Sedition Act, the toleration of newspapers that slandered him—these were all stout blows for American liberty. And his words were worthy of his works and faith:

"If we are made in some degree for others, yet, in a greater, are we made for ourselves. It were contrary to feeling, and indeed ridiculous to suppose that a man had less rights in himself than one of his neighbors, or indeed all of them put together. This would be slavery, and not that liberty which the bill of rights has made inviolable, and for the preservation of which our government has been charged."

"The rights of conscience we never submitted, we could not submit. We are answerable for them to our God. The legitimate powers of government extend to such acts only as are injurious to others. But it does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg. . . ."

"Reason and experiment have been indulged, and error has fled before them. It is error alone which needs the support of government. Truth can stand by itself."

"The basis of our governments being the opinion of the people, the very first object should be to keep that right; and were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter."

"There are rights which it is useless to surrender to the government, and which governments have yet always been found to invade. These are the rights of thinking, and publishing our thoughts by speaking or writing; the right of free commerce; the right of personal freedom. There are instruments for administering the government, so peculiarly trustworthy, that we should never leave the legislature at liberty to change them."

Men who have a special fondness for this Jefferson can be found in the offices of the New York *Times,* the Fund for the Republic, and the American Civil Liberties Union. They can also be found, happy to relate, in several million American homes. The value of this Jefferson is almost impossible to fix, for in an age and among a people much devoted to tradition he reminds us sharply that personal liberty is the marrow of the American tradition.

7. Constitutional Democrat

This Jefferson was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, delegate to the Continental Congress, Governor of Virginia, Minister to

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

France, Secretary of State, and Vice-President and President of the United States. He drafted innumerable laws and resolutions, wrote a manual of parliamentary practice, founded a political party, and served a generation of his followers as elder statesman. Through all his days in the political arena, even when the struggle availed him nothing but frustration, he never lost faith in the final capacity of plain men to govern themselves wisely under free institutions. Constitutional democracy, which he called "republican government," was "the only form of government which is not eternally at open or secret war with the rights of mankind," the only form in which "the dignity of man" is not "lost in arbitrary distinctions":

"We of the United States, you know, are constitutionally and conscientiously democrats."

"The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

"Sometimes it is said that man cannot be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels in the forms of kings to govern him? Let his history answer this question."

"I am not among those who fear the people. They, and not the rich, are our dependence for continued freedom."

"My most earnest wish is to see the republican element of popular control pushed to the maximum of its practicable exercise. I shall then believe that our government may be pure and perpetual."

This Jefferson, needless to say, belongs to all those who have kept their faith in the spirit of democracy and processes of constitutionalism.

The Real Jefferson

Seven Jeffersons are perhaps a few too many, but by paring a little here and fusing a little there we can reduce them to two Jeffersons who have great significance for Americans today: Jefferson the limitationist, a combination of anti-statist, states'-righter, and isolationist, and Jefferson the progressive, a combination of rationalist, civil libertarian, and constitutional democrat. The first of these Jeffersons appeals to Americans unable to make peace with the past quarter century, to those who think that centralized reform at home and expensive alliance abroad have both been carried to dangerous lengths. The second appeals to Americans who think, with varying degrees of assurance, that neither reform nor alliance has gone far enough, that there are still many things we can do at home and abroad to improve the condition of man and expand the boundaries of liberty. The first is an inspiration to Senators Bricker, Byrd, and (except as isolationist) George, the second to Senators Neuberger, Kefauver, and Case.

And so the question must finally be answered: Which combination of Jeffersons is the real Jefferson? Or, to put it the other way around, what

Americans have the clearest title to quote and honor him? The answer, like the truths of the Declaration, seems almost self-evident. The real Jefferson was the progressive, not the limitationist. The liberals among us —conservatives much less clearly and reactionaries not at all—are his legitimate heirs. Jefferson the limitationist happened to be a populist in an age when government was assumed to be a tool of the rich, a political leader in a tactical situation in which the enemy could not be dislodged from the central government, a patriot at a time when an alliance with any other country would have been morally degrading and strategically absurd. Jefferson the progressive was a man who, in any age and under any circumstances, would have taken his stand with the men of good hope in the struggle for effective instruments of education, open channels of inquiry and exchange, and equal laws justly enforced. If he were alive today, he could not fail to recognize that political authority, properly handled, has done much to increase happiness and freedom; that the cry of "states' rights" is often a smoke screen for interstate wrongs; and that the national interest of the United States is best served in the twentieth-century world by alliances with free nations throughout the world.

Indeed, try as he might, who can imagine Jefferson the enlightened liberal as adviser to the Vigilant Women for the Bricker Amendment, or eager colleague of Senator McCarthy? Who cannot imagine him working patiently and fairly to bring an end to segregated schools, considering prudent plans for Federal aid to communities in need of schools and hospitals, protesting against the mania for security and loyalty, and questioning the bipartisan policy of Eisenhower and George because it does not go far enough with friends and allies in search of peace and world government?

THE REAL JEFFERSON is as much the father of American progressivism as his early and late friend John Adams is the father of American conservatism. The real Jefferson belongs to men who can say these things and mean them:

"I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

". . . the earth belongs to the living not to the dead."

"Nothing then is unchangeable but the inherent and inalienable rights of man."

Good liberals may give three cheers for these words, while good conservatives, reflecting that Adams would have nodded cautious assent, may certainly give two. If the earth belongs to the living, Jefferson belongs to those who are genuinely glad of it. They have clearest title to quote his words of hope.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Listener Gets the Works

ROLAND GELATT

IN THE HINTERLAND of America, where the interior decorator has still to assert absolute hegemony and the cult of "modern living" is not all-pervasive, one can still see in sturdy oak bookcases the large uniform sets of standard authors that were published and purchased in reckless abundance during the first quarter of this century. One did not buy such sets out of pure bibliophilia; one bought them for the patina of culture that they bestowed on a well-furnished parlor.

The depression killed off the book-set business; and the fading volumes of standard authors soon began to seem rather embarrassingly old-fashioned. Many of them were quietly consigned to attic or junkman.

Yet while fashions change, human nature is immutable, and it was plain that the book set or its close kin would some day return to the American scene. In their place, Americans of home-making age have substituted sets of phonograph records. Instead of Carlyle in thirty volumes, the householder of 1955 prefers Mozart on eleven LPs, all handsomely encased in a gold-tooled, moiré-covered box. The aura of good taste and refinement is just as compelling—and records are much more up to date.

Records in Clusters

Today we are tending more and more to buy records in big doses; the appeal of "complete works" remains inviolate. Walk into any well-stocked record store and you will find on its shelves the symphonies of Brahms and the sonatas of Mozart, the piano concertos of Beethoven and the "Brandenburg Concertos" of Bach, the ballets of Tschaikovsky and the quartets of Schönberg, all complete and unabridged, gathered together in fancy albums (often at fancy prices) for the collector who wants to see his music steadily and see it whole. This craving for multirecord sets is by no means limited to the classical repertoire—as witness the extraordinary sale of long jazz concerts (almost two hours each) by the Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller bands or of collected editions by one singer, such as the eighty-nine-song Bing Crosby anthology issued last year by Decca—but it is in the classical repertoire that opportunities for expansion are greatest. The record industry has discovered that Beethoven's sixteen quartets lumped together in a complete presentation attract more customers than they ever did when they were sold individually, quartet by quartet, and it has not delayed acting on that intelligence. The complete musical output of Beethoven, from his teen-age piano pieces to his last quartets, has not yet been published in one set of records, but it may be in time. Already a European company is threatening to record for a special "Jubilee Edition" every note that Mozart set down.

Harpsichord Heyday

During the summer, harpsichord music benefited most conspicuously from the "complete-works" treatment. In July, RCA Victor issued Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier," forty-eight preludes and fugues on six LPs, performed by that grand old lady of the harpsichord, Wanda Landowska. These records had been appearing, one by one, over the last five years; but in response to the demand for packaged merchandise Victor put them into a black satin case, added a booklet of annotations and illustrations, and had each set autographed by Mme. Landowska. In its black satin manifestation the set was limited to one thousand copies at $49.95 each; they were sold out within four weeks of publication. Victor has announced that it will not press any more de luxe sets of "The Well-Tempered Clavier," but the six records can still be purchased individually and are herewith recommended to anyone who has not yet been introduced to Landowska's magnificent interpretations of Bach.

Columbia, by way of competing in the harpsichord sweepstakes, issued at about the same time a four-LP set of Scarlatti sonatas played by one of the heirs apparent to Landowska's throne, Ralph Kirkpatrick, whose performances are always refined and knowledgable if not always illuminated by flashes of passion. Add to these two a third set released by Oiseau-Lyre, the complete works for harpsichord of François Couperin, performed by Ruggero Gerlin on sixteen LPs.

THIS FALL the record companies have been vigorously promoting several new albums that fall into the "complete-works" category. Probably the most satisfactory of them all, from a musical and historical standpoint, is a Victor set of three LPs containing Sergei Rachmaninoff's four piano concertos and his "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" in performances by the composer and the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is surely no secret that Rachmaninoff played Rachmaninoff superlatively well; the music was, of course, tailor-made for his own hands, and he imbued it with an individual and inimitable rhythmic elasticity and with the prismatic gradations of tone for which he was justly celebrated. The beauties of his playing and of the accompaniments conducted by Leopold Stokowski and Eugene Ormandy come through splendidly on these records, in spite of the fact that the newest of them was made in 1941 and the oldest in 1929. The piccolos do not glitter quite as brightly or the kettledrums rumble quite as reverberantly as in the latest hi-fi issues, but the sound is rich nevertheless.

Another worthwhile multirecord production of recent issue is a Westminster album of four LPs devoted to the orchestral music of Brahms—the four symphonies, the "Tragic" and "Academic Festival" Overtures, the "Variations on a Theme by Haydn," and the "Alto Rhapsody"—in recordings by Sir Adrian Boult and the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra (actually the London Philharmonic). Westminster's set is

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the third such devoted to the Brahms orchestral literature. Two years ago Victor published a limited-edition album containing Toscanini's performances of the four symphonies (the records are now available separately), and this was followed by a similar album from Columbia in which the participants were Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony.

Sir Adrian Boult does not command the international reputation of either Toscanini or Walter, but his Brahms album should not by any means be dismissed as an also-ran. He steers a course midway between the taut lucidity of Toscanini and the geniality of Walter to achieve his own blend of sound, at once soft in texture and clear-lined in structure. Boult's Brahms may be a bit too small-scaled and unemphatic for some tastes, but for others it will hit just the right note of comfortable serenity. I found his interpretations very listenable and excellently recorded.

Westminister's engineers were successful too in capturing the sound of plump string tone in a new complete recording of Corelli's twelve "Concerti Grossi," suavely performed by the English Baroque Orchestra under the direction of Argeo Quadri on three LPs. However, it would be dangerous for a record buyer to assume that all fancy albums or "complete works" are *ipso facto* well played and well engineered. A case in point is a recent set, on the Vox label, of Ravel's piano music (the two concertos and all the major solo works) interpreted by a French pianist named Vlado Perlemuter and the Concerts Colonne Orchestra conducted by Jascha Horenstein. The box containing these three LPs is handsome and tasteful, but the recordings themselves are dull and one-dimensional technically, stodgy and labored musically. Another album covering much the same repertoire, this one featuring Walter Gieseking, will be coming soon from Angel Records; Ravelians might do well to wait for it.

Also forthcoming in the "complete-works" category are Haydn's twelve "London" symphonies (conducted by Hermann Scherchen, six LPs); Mozart's symphonies, complete (conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, twelve albums in all, the first one due in January); the entire harpsichord music of Rameau (played by Robert Veyron-Lacroix, three LPs); the twelve "Concerti a cinque" by Tommaso Albinoni (Italian Baroque Ensemble, three LPs); the string quartets of Béla Bartók (Vegh Quartet, three LPs); and the Beethoven cello sonatas (Piatigorsky and Solomon, three LPs).

THE IDEA of large recorded editions dates back to 1932, when the late Artur Schnabel began systematically recording the bulk of Beethoven's solo piano music for the English HMV label. Over the course of seven years HMV issued a total of fifteen Schnabel-Beethoven albums, each containing either six or seven 78-rpm records. The complete series—which embraced all the sonatas as well as the large sets of variations and several incidental pieces—cost more than $250. (In 1956, when RCA Victor plans to reissue the recordings on LP, they will cost about one-quarter this amount. Not everything has become more expensive.)

A few other large-scale recording projects, similar to the Schnabel-Beethoven series if not quite so ambitious, were undertaken in pre-LP days; they sold respectably (considering the high cost of phonograph listening) and pointed the way to the boom of the 1950's. But it has only been since the introduction of inexpensive, convenient LP discs that a really large market for "complete works" has been tapped.

Preparation and Patience

Unfortunately, the demand created by that market has sometimes been filled rather too hastily. When Schnabel took seven years to record fourteen hours of Beethoven piano music, he may have vexed impatient record collectors but he was acting in his own, and Beethoven's, best interests. Enduring recorded interpretations do not come off an assembly line. They require long and thoughtful preparation; and in the recording studio they exact infinite patience from musicians and technicians alike.

Today, with every record company competing to be first in the field, circumstances do not always encourage such preparation and patience. When Walter Gieseking recently recorded the solo piano music of Mozart (in bulk only slightly less than the Beethoven piano literature recorded by Schnabel) for Angel Records, he accomplished most of his work during one summer month. This rapid execution of a large and difficult assignment is only too well reflected, many of us believe, in the end results. The records are not bad: Gieseking is too intelligent and dexterous a musician for that; nonetheless, they leave one dissatisfied. And so do some other new recordings of comparable magnitude. The goal of completeness, one suspects, has at times been pursued with precipitate zeal.

In all fairness to record makers it must be admitted that a change has also come over record listeners. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the record collector of 1955 listens to the phonograph with less concentrated attention and buys records less carefully than did the collector of 1935. He can hardly be blamed, considering the torrent of records thrust at him and the ease with which they can be acquired. In 1935, a $10 bill bought forty minutes of recorded music; in 1955 a $10 bill buys 150 minutes of music. Translate the money into actual purchasing power and the disparity doubles. No wonder that the habits of record collectors have altered!

BUT whatever shortcomings have attended the current outpouring of exhaustive (and exhausting) recorded editions, they are more than balanced by benefits too varied to catalogue. If nothing else, the demand for music *en bloc* has enabled the curious listener to explore byways of music into which he might otherwise never have ventured. Opinions may differ on Gieseking's Mozart, but at least the solo piano music is there, every last bit of it, including many works never entrusted to records before. Thanks to the vogue for complete works we can now hear the whole of Tschaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty," and the entire set of Corelli's "Concerti Grossi," and all of Beethoven's incidental music to "Egmont," and the early Haydn quartets. Only the tone-deaf can remain unimpressed.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jean Cocteau Joins the Immortals

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

PARIS

JEAN COCTEAU has spent his life energetically shocking the French public with his poems, plays, films, novels, drawings, and personal habits. Now, at sixty-four, he has entered the French Academy. The French, when they want to make fun of a young writer's caution and conformity, tell him that he is sure to make the Academy. Years ago, looking back at his youthful facility, Cocteau wrote: "Everyone kept flattering me, there was never anything tough to stand up against. I was happily intoxicated by my own mistakes. That easy road, had I followed it, would have led me straight into the Academy." Yet that is where he has landed—and one does not get elected to the Academy unless one asks to be.

When Jérôme Tharaud died—an excellent novelist but no innovator—Cocteau announced his candidacy for the vacant seat. Bowing to tradition, he paid a few calls on Academicians, and was elected on the first ballot. Who was giving in—Cocteau or the Academy?

'Men of Clear Conscience'

Along the quays of the Seine in front of the French Institute, a large crowd enjoyed the last bright fall sunlight last October 20 and waited for the answer. A select and smaller crowd—ladies with pearls and mink, bearded old gentlemen wearing their decorations—pushed their way through into the domed hall called the "Coupole" in which the Academy holds its sessions. Twelve thousand had asked for invitations; the circular hall seats eight hundred. Police and ushers herded the celebrities shoulder to shoulder. Here were the wives of the Academicians and Mme. Edgar Faure, the Premier's wife; Chanel the dressmaker; the Prefect of Police; Jean Marais; Arletty the actress. Paris society and the French aristocracy were there, and so were Jean Genêt, the poet of immorality, and a few young people.

The Academicians made their solemn entry. Nothing can be more noble or more depressing than an assembly of aged men. The members of the French Academy when gathered together give the impression of worthies in exile from our times, representing only the past—a past, it is

Agip

Cocteau before the Academy

true, when the prestige of France was very high. But how many still recognize such names as these: the Duke of Lévis-Mirepoix, Pierre Gaxotte, Valléry-Radot, and many more? And yet they all are learned men, men of clear conscience. The members of the Academy are called "Immortals."

Academician François Mauriac, who at seventy continues to struggle in the defense of the North African peoples, had refused to attend the session. The day before the convocation he had written, "Why should I come to a ceremony in which everyone will crow like roosters and burn incense . . . ?"

The young people of France tended to agree with Mauriac: The charm of faded institutions breaks down when confronted with the dramatic present. Youth is not impressed by the Academicians, old men in fancy dress.

AT EXACTLY three o'clock the guards draw their swords and present arms. Everyone rises. The drums roll and Jean Cocteau, handsome, very pale, moves forward—to be sentenced to immortality.

He must make a first, traditional speech, thanking the Academy and praising his predecessor. Cocteau speaks and you hear that sharp, wonderful voice which so many films, broadcasts, and records have made so well known. But what he says is disappointing; it is not a poet speaking but a pleader. He wants to convince the audience—and perhaps himself—that it is precisely because he is still a rebel that he has joined a club in which he would seem to be a stranger: "Yes, gentlemen, I am very like the acrobat balancing on top of a pile of chairs . . . what is called originality is a failure in the attempt to behave like everyone else . . . if today I hold an official role, it is because I consider this role as revolutionary."

Cartier and Lanvin

He gives thanks for his Academician's sword. Its blade was presented to him by the Spanish gypsies of Toledo; its handle, made by Cartier the jeweler, shows a head of Oedipus in profile together with a lyre, a star, a charcoal crayon—symbols dear to the poet. An emerald and a diamond enrich it. (Incidentally, Cocteau's Academician's formal dress is not the traditional green but "midnight blue"; it was tailored by the dressmaker Lanvin.)

Then Cocteau goes into the ritual set piece in praise of Jérôme Tharaud, whose seat he is taking. A light cloud of incense rises slowly toward the dome. Then once more he talks about himself, how amazed he is to be in the Academy, the "naughty pupil," the *"enfant terrible."* Aphorism follows aphorism, felicitous and dazzling. "Poetry, like science, instantly unites in marriage utterly incompatible organisms that no one would ever think of joining together. . . . Isn't France the arena where common sense and the angel of whim wrestle eternally?" It is no longer the pleader speaking, but now the poet—no matter how strange he may look in his embroidered Academician's uniform. After firing off one last Roman candle of wit, Cocteau takes

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his seat again. He has entered into glory.

Now comes the second traditional speech. It is made by André Maurois, novelist and historian. Speaking in a rather thin and rasping voice, he knows how to please his audience and make it laugh. He thanks Cocteau for having so tactfully "refrained from venturing into regions where we might have felt disturbed," and he explains why the Academy so promptly admitted an *enfant terrible* into its ranks: "We are not afraid of bad schoolboys when they are good writers." It is now his turn to praise Tharaud.

Then comes the difficult moment. Maurois has to praise Cocteau. Sitting very straight, the poet listens while his whole life is described to eight hundred people. He does not seem to recognize it. "Your wings have carried you from one reckless flight to another, until now you have alighted under this cupola." Then the finale: "The parents of a little niece of yours, you said once, had just informed her that an angel had brought her a brother. 'Would you like to see your little brother?' they asked her. 'No,' she said, 'I would like to see the angel.' Sir, we are all like your niece. We do not want to see just one more Academician; we would like to see the Angel Heurtebise."

The Angel Heurtebise is one of the most stirring mystical creations of Cocteau's fantasy. But the big widespread wings were not heard beating that day beneath the Coupole. It is doubtful whether Cocteau will ever succeed in bringing his angel into an assembly so burdened with old age. To sneak poetry into the assembly was probably the secret and scandalous mission dreamed of by the poet when he joined the ranks of the Academicians. His ambition recalls that of the militant revolutionary who, condemned to death, refused to lay down his arms: "I am going to recruit the dead!"

Cocteau is determined to remain alive, even among the "Immortals." He seems to have prophesied this end for himself in these lines: "The ink that I use is the swan's blue blood/Which to become more alive accepts to die."

The Cat And the Mice

MARYA MANNES

A Charmed Life, by Mary McCarthy. *Harcourt, Brace. $3.95.*

Political prisoners interrogated by totalitarian captors speak of one form of torture as ruinous as it is subtle. One minute extreme verbal and physical humiliation is inflicted on them; the next they are offered food, sleep, and even freedom if they confess. In the end, confused beyond bearing, body and soul stretched into shapelessness, they lose identity and direction, will and conscience.

On a lighter level, this is what Mary McCarthy does with her writ-

ing. She alternates, with brilliant and merciless skill, between clawing her characters into ribbons and comforting them with gentle strokes. She plays cat-and-mouse with truth.

In *A Charmed Life*, her captives are intellectuals, and their prison is a Northeastern coastal community named New Leeds. The mouse she plays with is the worth of these people as human beings. It is at all times a mouse; but sometimes it is alive and free, even though at the end it lies half dead and twitching while the captor cat remains aloof and glossy, licking her chops.

Anyone We Know?

In dealing with her New Leeds intellectuals, Miss McCarthy's eye is as accurate and deadly as her paw. It is impossible not to recognize the Sinnott couple, the Coe couple, and Miles Murphy—not in the sense that they exist in reality (though some say they do) but because any of us who have known writers and painters of doubtful merit meet their partial image in these pages, and are familiar with the kind of life some of them live. In describing it, Mary McCarthy is at her best: a satirist of impeccable aim and precision.

John and Martha Sinnott, she says, "had all the ominous qualifications for a New Leedsian residence: two tiny incomes, an obscure fame (Martha's), a free-lancing specialty (John's), and the plan of doing something original. Why should they be different from the others, who were filed away here like yellowed clippings in a newspaper morgue . . . ? Many of the New Leedsians had once had talent or ability; you could see the buried traces if you looked for them, as you could find Indian flints and stone arrowheads in the debris on Long Hill. Your typical New Leedsian, as pointed out in the post office, had a name that rang a bell somewhere, far, far away; you felt you should have heard of him even if you hadn't."

Of the Coes she writes: "Jane was a big, tawny, ruminative girl, now thirty-eight, who played the oboe and the bag-pipes. . . . She liked to sit crosslegged and always looked as if she were still wearing a middy-blouse and bloomers."

"He [Warren Coe] was a very excitable forward-gazing person, very moralistic and high-principled; every moment was an adventure to him. . . . they shared an appetite for life that woke them every morning, greedy for the new day, to be divided, fairly between them, like a big fresh apple."

Of Miles Murphy, first husband of Martha Sinnott and dominant figure of the book, she writes: "He was a fat, freckled fellow with a big frame, a reddish crest of curly hair, and small, pale-green eyes, like grapes about to burst. His large face,

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with its long plump crooked nose, was flushed from the efforts of his own digestive tract: lobster shells and the bones of two fried chickens lay piled up, waiting to be buried. . . . There was scarcely anything Warren could think of that Miles

had not done; he had been a successful playwright, with a hit show, about the Jesuit fathers, running on Broadway when he was only twenty-three, a boxer, practically professional, who used to work out with Hemingway, a psychologist, a lay analyst, a writer of adventure stories, a practicing mystic, a magazine editor. He was on that kick, as he called it, when he met Martha. . . ."

Pouring It On—and Off

This is fine, we say. We rub our hands in glee, our appetites whetted by blood so cleanly drawn. "Pour it on, Mary!" we yell, as they once spurred Harry Truman. This, presumably, would be the final murder of intellectual and bohemian pretension, the vivisection of ridiculous and sterile people who produce nothing but conversation and confusion. Here is the painter who paints in terms of "equations" and "fission," whose work "had entered a domain in which you could not tell whether it was good or bad"; here is the very bright and quite pretty girl-graduate intellectual, Martha, who is writing a play because her husband thinks she should and who does not know whether or not she loves her husband; here is Murphy, the "universal man," vain, ruthless, and joylessly lecherous. Here are half a dozen or more of the crazy mixed-up adults who populate certain colonies, living rooms, and galleries, expressing themselves to themselves because they lack a wider audience.

Yet no sooner has Mary McCarthy let us laugh at them, dazed and helpless in her clutches, than she lets them go a little. They breathe, blink, take a few tentative steps toward warmth and light. There is a certain gallantry in Miles Sinnott, weak as he is. There is a sort of honesty in Martha, slight as she is. In the face of the usual New Leedsian disintegration, the two strive to maintain certain standards of decency and certain disciplines, although the disciplines are foolish ones. And when Martha finds herself pregnant and does not know whether by Miles or John and will not bear unless she knows, she becomes an object of genuine sympathy. And when Warren, the silly painter, tries to help her at great cost to himself, he becomes a person of some value. So now we think that Mary McCarthy likes them a little, after all; likes them enough, at least, to grant the validity of their emotions and the claim they must make on the reader's. She is saying, we think, "I am for certain qualities in

my people and against others." Here, we think (becoming ourselves the dazed, deluded mice), is the meaning and the pattern. The girl knows what she is doing.

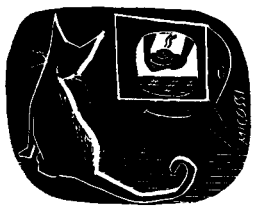
But the girl does not know what she's doing any more than Martha does when she ends her life (and the book) in a car accident on the eve of an abortion. ". . . The whole world," she says shortly before this, "is getting like you, like New Leeds. Everybody has to be shown. 'How do you know that?' every moron asks the philosopher when he's told that this is an apple and that is a pear. He pretends to doubt, to be curious. But nobody is really curious because nobody cares what the truth is. As soon as we think something, it occurs to us that the opposite or the contrary might just as well be true. And no one cares."

Self-Vivisection

Mary McCarthy is curious about the truth, but the opposite always occurs to her. She derides Martha and John as the self-conscious and rather futile pair they are, and yet she admires Martha's dexterity and arrogance. She has contempt for Warren and his painting and yet she lets the implication hover that this absurd little man and his murky abstractions might indeed have virtue. She is vicious about Miles Murphy, yet she devotes much of the book to his character and opinion, as if they were worth attention. She creates sympathy for a nice girl called Dolly, who is a virgin and paints tight little pictures, but she ends by making both the virginity and the art ridiculous.

WHAT STARTS OUT, then, to be a satire of disintegration among lesser intellectuals in a small colony, much of it extremely funny, pointed, and recognizable, ends as a wry admission of their state as one peculiar to contemporary intellectual society. *A Charmed Life* does more to bring the "intellectual" into low repute than a dozen harangues by New York *Daily News* editorial writers. The fact that most of the New Leedsians are not successful intellectuals hardly alters the picture, for they talk the same language (and how they talk!) and seek the same pleasures as their more acceptable fellows. You have only to see the current show of American painters at the Whitney Museum to know what Warren paints and Miles admires; you have only to read the forewords of some catalogues to know how Sandy Gray, another New Leedsian, writes about art.

New Leedsians would be the first,



in fact, to read and acclaim Mary McCarthy. Among them are herself and her audience, and for this reason alone she cannot destroy them wholly. What she has performed in *A Charmed Life* is an expert vivisection of her own truth, if it is possible for a vivisection to be intermittently funny and to serve no clearer purpose than the accident that killed Martha and her unborn child.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Diplomacy Of Democracy

MAX ASCOLI

DEMOCRACY IN WORLD POLITICS, by Lester B. Pearson. *Princeton University Press. $2.75.*

There have been quite a number of pleas for diplomacy lately, mostly lamentations over the passing of what used to be considered, for centuries, a most dignified profession and a noble art.

Now comes a book proving that diplomacy is not exactly a lost art, that it can still be made to work, and that to find the rules for its operation we don't need to turn antiquarians and go back to Metternich. Moreover, the book, written by one of the most skillful practitioners of contemporary diplomacy, has the additional advantage of being short: 123 pages in all. Yet it can hardly be said that its publication has produced much of a stir.

This is a real pity, for the Stafford Little Lectures, which Lester B. Pearson, Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, delivered at Princeton University in the spring of 1955 and has now collected, thoroughly deserve to reach a wide audience. American readers badly need to know the kind of diplomacy that the salvation of democracy demands—the pluridimensional diplomacy fit to cope with the new system of relationships within the coalition of free nations and between conflicting yet coexisting civilizations. The exponent of the new diplomacy is a North American statesman who happens to be singularly unaddicted to sourness, cynicism, and gramophonic psalm-singing.

Tamer of Generalities

In the pages of this book, Mr. Pearson performs the role that he has made his own in the councils of the Allied Foreign Ministers and of the U.N.: He is a past master at taming the unqualified, unconditional absolutes, the boundless, unmanageable generalities that so greatly contribute to the clumsiness of democratic diplomacy. One by one, he tackles these prevailing absolutes and formulates the qualifications that circumscribe their range of validity. Thus he finds some sense in the doctrine of massive retaliation, provided it is considered as one—just one—highly temporary component in great-power strategy as long as the balance of terrors lasts. "We should therefore try also to develop, if we can, a doctrine of proportion, and do our best to impose it on the other

side by the cold logic of fact. If force is used against you, that does not necessarily justify using more in retaliation than is needed for the purpose. You might call this, if you like, the doctrine of 'reasonable or measured retaliation.' Like 'massive retaliation,' it is not the whole solution to the problem of aggression in nuclear power, but it is another element in that solution."

In the same way, he finds some sense in the doctrine of the "indivisibility of peace," for obviously "an outbreak of hostilities anywhere is a proper matter for concern to all nations everywhere," but he absolutely refuses to admit that the best way to prevent Communist expansion anywhere is to threaten absolute war everywhere. To the notion that in war there is no substitute for victory, he answers that the world's survival demands just such substitutes. The best of them is called peace—a precarious, livable peace that the free nations must gain and improve on by using diplomacy to the utmost and arms if necessary.

Most of Mr. Pearson's arguments are inevitably aimed at correcting current U.S. preconceptions or delusions in the conduct of foreign affairs. He does this with candor, invariably getting his ideas across and invariably addressing us as an understanding friend. In fact, he is one of us—a North American who enjoys particular freedom and authority, for he happens to speak for that other America which is Canada. With both our parties stuck in the middle of the road at what some call the vital, some others the dead, center, the responsibility of voicing the loyal opposition to U.S. foreign policy has frequently fallen on the External Affairs Minister.

FROM his unique position, Mr. Pearson derives an optimistic conception of the difficulties the western democracies are facing, and of the way to overcome them. He calmly evaluates those frightening novelties of our times—the new weapons of total annihilation. But only the scale of our present problems is new, he points out, and men since the beginning of history always have had to restrict their conflicts if they wanted to avoid slaughtering each other in an endless chain of feud and revenge.

The aid that comes from history is invaluable to us, Mr. Pearson believes, and we are not half as unprepared to face the new tests as some people assume. We have on our side the experience of the legal systems we have inherited: an unbroken experience in taming violence and finding substitutes for it that has been going on uninterruptedly ever since the Romans and even before. As a supplementary modern jurisprudence that can guide us in the settlement of political conflict, we have the experience of our politicians, who in North America have succeeded amazingly in establishing common bonds among men divided by ingrained prejudices and hatreds.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Statesman's First Allegiance

Above all, we have our tradition of freedom which gives the individual a power of initiative equal to his responsibilities. It is the tradition which has allowed the West to articulate the conscience of the human race. Of course Mr. Pearson recognizes that democracy, popular sovereignty, and mass participation in public affairs have greatly complicated the performance of the diplomat's duty. But, he adds, they have not made it impossible—far from it. Here, too, he exhibits his uncanny gift of circumscribing with qualifications general principles and ideas which, if left unchecked, run into self-destruction and nihilism. So, for instance, he refuses to recognize in the people's opinion, no matter how large the majority may be, the voice of absolute wisdom. The ultimate obligation of the statesman and of the diplomat is to his own conscience, Mr. Pearson thinks. Unquestionably, he believes in democracy. But just because he does, when he comes to define his own conception of the relationship between the representative and the represented, he finds that Edmund Burke had the last word on that particular subject. "Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion."

ON THE BASIS of this book, as well as on the record he has made for himself in contemporary history, the Canadian Minister for External Affairs appears as a diplomat who knows how to keep in touch both with the philosophers and the politicians. He is familiar with the ways of the world, and how to use, as the occasion demands, shrewdness or bluntness. A master in the art of qualified, conditioned statement, he seldom indulges in hedging. He is a prize example of the kind of diplomats we should and could have in our own section of North America, if only we stop conjuring up the spirits of Machiavelli and Metternich and realize that the practitioner of diplomacy fit for our times and our country must in varying degrees combine the skills of the statesman, the philosopher, and the politician.

Free Enterprise And Fiction

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

CASH MCCALL, by Cameron Hawley. *Houghton, Mifflin. $3.95.*

The editors of *Life* and *Barron's*, together with John Chamberlain and a number of other literate friends of free enterprise, have long complained that no one ever writes a decent novel about the American businessman. The word "decent" has operative importance here: It is designed to exclude Sinclair Lewis's chronicle of the life and times of the immortal George F. Babbitt. Babbitt, indeed, is the problem. So long as there is no other equally brilliant novel about the American free enterpriser, Babbitt is to American businessmen what Rhett Butler is to Southern manhood, and he leaves a far less satisfactory impression of his class.

Not that Babbitt was entirely without virtues. He was a small businessman, which is admirable. He was also highly dynamic, and that too is good. But his horizons were limited to the boundaries of the city of Zenith and the neighboring subdivisions; as a realtor he had no sense of his national or global obligations. He was also devoid of all the things—acute judgment and knowledge of modern management techniques—that make the modern executive. In General Electric or General Motors he would get nowhere.

Worst of all, Babbitt was a vulgarian. No one argues that the modern businessman is an intellectual or even an egghead—after all, he is a man of action—but he does meet the intellectual on his own ground. The constructive, imaginative, well-read, socially responsible, and well-poised executive is the archetype of the modern businessman, and the novelists (so the complaint runs) persist in ignoring him.

The complaint is still valid in spite of the fact that two of the most successful novels of recent years have been about businessmen, and another, which seems equally marked for fame, has just appeared. The first was Cameron Hawley's *Executive Suite,* which enjoyed remarkable popularity both as a novel and as a movie. It was followed early this year by John P. Marquand's *Sincerely, Willis Wayde,* which was on the *Times* best-seller list for twenty-five weeks. The most recent and in some respects the most ambitious celebration of the free-enterprise man is Cameron Hawley's new novel *Cash McCall.* Unless all the commercial portents are wrong, it will have similar success.

Marquand's Scoundrel

There are a number of reasons why, in spite of these riches, the editors of *Life* may not be entirely satisfied. Marquand and *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* can be disposed of first. Here there is no mystery. Willis Wayde is a highly successful businessman. He is also a thoroughly modern figure. Where George Babbitt was an independent entrepreneur in the now largely outmoded classical pattern, Willis was (or rather is) a man of the post-managerial revolution era. He got ahead by working his way up the corporate hierarchy, and he did it by merit. His merit depended partly upon a discipline and a single-mindedness of purpose that Babbitt never had. It depended also on training and knowledge in which Babbitt was singularly lacking. Willis Wayde is a graduate of Boston University. Willis is also aware, although admittedly in a vague way, of a world beyond his business, and of values not exclusively associated with making and spending money. But the trouble with *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* as the novel of the great American businessman is that Willis is an unmitigated heel.

Marquand never had a character whom he so heartily disliked, and he was never more successful in

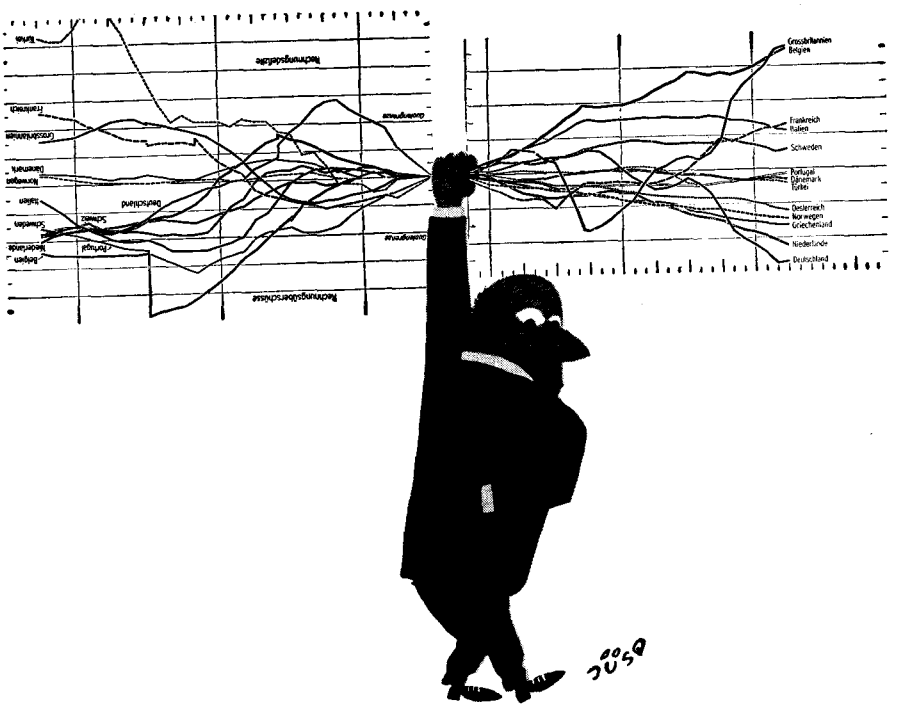
PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

communicating his feelings to his readers. On balance, therefore, *Marquand's celebration of the businessman will never be appreciably more acceptable to the interested parties than Evelyn Waugh's of the undertaker. Even Bennett Cerf, a notoriously amiable and lighthearted entrepreneur, has been moved to protest that *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* is unfair to free enterprise.

Hawley's Heroes

Cameron Hawley is a different matter. He is (or was) a businessman himself. He may dislike some kinds of businessmen, and he is obviously amused or bored by others. But he thinks well of businessmen as a class. He is an adept and easy writer with an excellent ear for dialogue. Most of all, he knows a great deal about business, and he knows it with a precision of detail that causes his writing to ring true on an amazing range of matters. He knows how conferences are conducted, the functions of management consultants, and the nature and purpose of and business's reaction to Regulation W. He is even aware that most of the businessmen who were forced to spend time in Washington during the war, their protestations notwithstanding, enjoyed it immensely. He has a good working knowledge of economics and finance. He seems to be expert on technical problems and processes, especially those having to do with plastics. Not many people writing about business in any context have been able to draw on such a wealth of experience and knowledge.

Yet although Mr. Hawley's intentions may be mildly to the contrary, he doesn't leave a whole, satisfactory picture of the American businessman. In *Executive Suite*, it will be recalled, the president of the company has a heart attack in the first chapter, and in the following pages his four subordinates engage in a taut struggle for the succession. This was strictly bureaucratic infighting, which in itself is not in the best tradition of the free-enterprise system. The struggle brought out the seamy side of the executive character. While in the end the best man won and made a resounding speech in favor of capitalism, readers may have been left wondering how much of the energies of high company officials is being absorbed by such power struggles.



MANY WILL THINK Mr. Hawley's new book more satisfactory. In this there are two business heroes: Grant Austen, an aging entrepreneur who heads a small but prosperous plastics firm which, however, has seen its best days, and Cash McCall. Cash McCall—Cash was the name actually given to him by a uniquely prescient parent—seems at first glance to have every conceivable qualification. He is a super Louis Wolfson with many of the instincts for secrecy of the late Serge Rubenstein. But no one has ever suggested that Cash is bad for the companies he buys. He has a genius for seeing how one partly derelict or declining concern can be combined with another, the management of the two merged, reorganized, and reinvigorated, and new capital then infused. It is a mark of the man that he never thinks of raiding the till. In the end there is always profit, not only to Cash but to everyone else concerned.

In addition, Cash McCall flies an airplane, adores painting and nature, has excellent taste in furniture, eats with discrimination, and is something of a lover. (His taste in women, which may be partly Mr. Hawley's fault, is a trifle odd. The one for whom he falls is made to have much of the warmth, passion, and general appeal of a pine plank.)

The trouble with Cash is that he is highly implausible. He doesn't pull off these brilliant coups, as one might suppose, because he wants to make money—if the author allowed him to be money-mad he might loot a company now and then. Cash is really motivated by a desire to make business work; he is a kind of self-designated public benefactor devoted to the eradication of business senility and incompetence. He is also very self-effacing about it all. This makes him a thoroughly commendable person, but scarcely the sort of man one would expect to encounter, even in the Eisenhower Administration.

Grant Austen, Mr. Hawley's other hero, is a much more persuasive figure. The author deals convincingly with the sources of his success and the causes of his failures. His portrait of Austen in the early days of his retirement, as he makes the ghastly discovery that his position in life has been more or less a function of his corporate assets, is effective and touching. But Grant Austen is no subject for the great American business novel. Like Babbitt, he is a vulgarian. He isn't quite as noisy at a convention as George was, but there are disturbing resemblances in their reaction both to the spirit of

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fellowship and to spirits in general. The resemblance, indeed, may not be entirely accidental.

Myth and Reality

The failure to produce a plausible and presentable businessman after all this effort is disturbing. The reasons for the failure, if they could be discovered, would be worth knowing. The quest for the great business novel is likely to continue—*Life* may one day even subsidize the search—and everything possible should be done to minimize the wasted effort.

That presentable and plausible businessmen abound in real life can be assumed. The trouble is that they don't lend themselves readily to fiction. To be made interesting they must be given some sort of monstrous or heroic role. The first is easy: A businessman can be made interesting by getting him involved in some intricate and scandalous transactions, and having him go to jail or even emerge triumphant from his larceny. But this, obviously, is not the man we are looking for.

To make a businessman, especially a successful big businessman, plausibly heroic is not so easy. The myth calls for a rugged individualist, but the reality does not allow it. To be successful the executive must subordinate his personality to the organization. (Sewell Avery made headlines over the years because he was one of the rare businessmen who did not.) In addition, the successful man must usually be a patient and careful administrator with considerable capacity to read, listen, or otherwise absorb information, and to sit still while doing so. It is also probable that he must have a certain inborn conservatism which inspires confidence and acts as a kind of resistance coil in the testing of new ideas. All of these are worthy qualities. But it is by no means certain that they will sustain the interest of the average reader through a five-hundred-page novel. And the more dramatic qualities, like those of Cash McCall, are immediately seen to be fantastically improbable.

The great American business novel doesn't come off because the great American businessman that the writers are expected to depict doesn't exist. Is there any chance that he may come into existence? I wonder.

The Thread of History: Freedom or Fatality?

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, Jr.

HISTORICAL INEVITABILITY, by Isaiah Berlin. London: *Oxford University Press.* $2.

DEBATES WITH HISTORIANS, by Pieter Geyl. Groningen, Holland: *J. B. Wolters.* 25*s.*

What is history? For some today, it is a form of cosmological speculation practiced by such seers as Toynbee and Spengler. For others, it is a dish of sprightly chat about the past. For most working historians, however, it is manifestly neither of these things: It is something higher than gossip but lower than the angels. Yet, since most working historians spend their time in writing history rather than in philosophizing about it, they have rarely succeeded in making clear to others what, in their eyes, history consists of. That is why anyone interested in the historian's own view of his art must be grateful for these two books—and correspondingly regretful that no American house has seen fit to publish them.

Both Mr. Berlin and Professor Geyl are first-class working historians, but neither began as a historian—a fact that may have made them more reflective about the methods and presuppositions of their new trade than those trained as historians generally are. Mr. Berlin, who is currently a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, began as a philosopher; Professor Geyl, who is the leading Dutch historian, as a journalist. Mr. Berlin brings to the analysis of history a logician's subtlety and rigor, while Professor Geyl discusses historical interpretations with the robust practicality of a man who knows how history is made. But what gives their writing particular force and eloquence is the moral faith they both share—a faith in human freedom and responsibility.

Toynbee's 'Blasphemy'

Their main interest is to vindicate human freedom against those who would use history to refute it. In so doing, they range themselves in particular against the various exponents of historical determinism. For this generation, the great prophet of determinism is Toynbee, as for the last generation it was Spengler. For Professor Geyl, Toynbee is quite explicitly the enemy. *A Study of History,* Professor Geyl finally concludes, after a generous recognition of its merits, is "a blasphemy against Western Civilization." Though Mr. Berlin is less concerned than Professor Geyl with blowing Toynbee out of the water, his essay is clearly haunted by the specter of Toynbee and moved by a desire for exorcism.

IN ATTACKING determinism, Mr. Berlin and Professor Geyl make two essential points. They say of the philosophy of determinism first that it is unhistorical—untrue, that is, to the facts of history and to the facts of human experience. Secondly they say that acceptance of a philosophy of determinism can only have a vicious effect on human behavior.

Why is determinism unhistorical? Because, they contend, it is impossible to apply determinism to history in any rigorous way. Indeed, history written according to deterministic conceptions ceases to be history. It becomes a form of myth, which abandons testable propositions, moves beyond tangible evidence, and commits itself to the notion that the past has a single, unique structure in terms of which the apparent diversity and chaos of the human story can find place and resolution.

When Mr. Berlin and Professor Geyl develop this argument, they state with force the gloom which most working historians feel in face of historical epics of the Toynbee type. It's magnificent, the historian tends to say, but it isn't history. Toynbee's methodological apparatus has a wonderful appearance of shiny precision and efficiency. But in a series of cogent dissections of con-

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

25% Discount
ON ALL BOOKS
(10% on Texts and Technical Books)
*ANY BOOKS YOU CHOOSE
1) Deduct 25% from list.
2) Add 15¢ per book for postage
3) Send check or money order.
N.Y.C. residents add 3% tax.
*Only obligation, you agree to buy at least 4 books during first year.
THRIFTY BOOK CLUB
206 West 15th Street
Dept. R, N.Y.C. 11, N.Y.
Phone CHelsea 3-6499
NO MEMBERSHIP FEE

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help you gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your book—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Low subsidies, good royalties.
Write for free booklet, Dept. RE1215
COMET PRESS BOOKS, 11 W. 42 ST., N. Y. 36

LEARN FRENCH, SPANISH
FROM RECORDS — now only $9.95
Limited Time Offer — Regular Price $29.95
Now you can learn to speak French or Spanish like a native, easily, quickly, right in your own home — because the famous Living Language Course has now been recorded on long-playing 33 1/3 RPM records — and can be offered at just $9.95 — 1/3 of the regular price! Write now for free details. Living Language Course, Dept. 54, 100 Ave. of the Americas, New York 13, N. Y.

NO MORE PAYING FOR BOOKS YOU PAID TO HAVE PRODUCED
Send for free folder describing a low cost publishing program in which all copies belong to the author, plus 70% royalty on all copies we sell for you.
WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS
313 West 35th Street New York 1, N. Y.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED
A publisher with standards invites your attention. No condescending, misleading promises, no high-pressure sales devices—such as you may already have experienced. Just honest, careful subsidy publishing, by book people—which is rare enough! *Write or mail your manuscript directly:*
THE AMERICAN PRESS
Mr. Butler, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17

POLIO isn't licked yet!
Join the MARCH OF DIMES
January 3 to 31

crete cases, Professor Geyl takes it apart and shows it to be a glittering façade, a piece of pretentious make-believe. In instance after instance, he is able to show how Toynbee's examples fail to support his generalizations and then how his generalizations tend to dissolve into nothingness when subjected to empirical tests. When one looks at the Toynbee system, Professor Geyl remarks, it appears to be exact, well articulated, and definite; but as soon as one tries to apply it to reality, it is like Alice's croquet game in Wonderland—the mallet turns out to be a flamingo, which twists its long neck the moment one wants to strike; the ball is a hedgehog, which unrolls itself and runs off; and the hoops are doubled-up soldiers, who straighten up and walk away just when one wants to shoot through them.

"For historians," Mr. Berlin adds, "determinism is not a serious issue." Philosophers and theologians may speculate abstractly about free will; but those concerned with empirical matters cannot operate on any other assumption except freedom.

Further, Mr. Berlin suggests, the determinist hypothesis is too unthinkable for anyone to live by—even avowed determinists: "We cannot begin to think out in real terms, to which behavior and speech would correspond, what the universe of the genuine determinist would be like, any more than we can think out, with the minimum of indispensable concrete detail . . . what it would be like to be in a timeless world, or one with a seventeen-dimensional space."

Both Mr. Berlin and Professor Geyl concede that we now know the scope of human choice to be far more limited than we used to suppose. But as historians they both find powerful reasons, flowing from historical practice as well as from the logic of knowledge, to reject hypotheses of comprehensive determinism. And as human beings they find equally powerful arguments against such overarching hypotheses. For the inescapable tendency of any form of historical determinism, as Mr. Berlin states it, is "the elimination of the notion of individual responsibility."

If history is governed by inexorable patterns and universal laws, if civilizations grow and decay beyond the control of human will or intelligence, if man is under the dominance of vast impersonal forces, spirits, or abstractions (whether class, race, culture, civilization, history, progress, or the spirit of the age), then personal freedom and responsibility must fade away. The perception of the difference between right and wrong, the right to assign responsibility, to praise or to blame—all these become mere symptoms of vanity, evidences of imperfect adjustment, signs of our inability to face the truth. And we rush into what Mr. Berlin terms these "historiosophies," in part because we have been misled by false analogies with science, but even more because too many of us in this troubled age want to resign from responsibility, to cease from judging, to flee for refuge to some all-encompassing whole. "This is a mirage," Mr. Berlin writes, "which has often appeared in the history of mankind, always at moments of confusion and inner weakness."

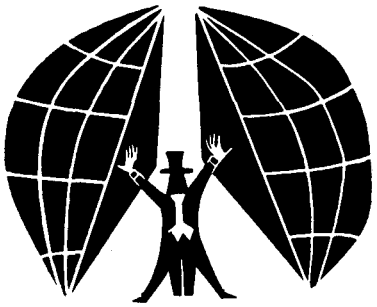
Man Has a Choice

The argument that philosophical determinism must sap individual spontaneity and lead to passivity can doubtless be overstated. History has seen many sects dedicated to concepts, religious or secular, of predestination; but such examples as the Calvinists, the Mohammedans, and

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Communists have not been precisely notable for an inert fatalism. As Professor Geyl suggests, it is less the sedative than the stimulant effect of a determinist theory that is dangerous. But whether historical determinism produces paralysis or fanaticism, it clearly sets up tendencies that are incompatible, not merely with the practice of historians but also with the faith of free men.

Mr. Toynbee would no doubt deny the gravamen of the Berlin-Geyl indictment. He has said that he believes in the freedom of the will and has denied that he is a determinist. Yet, as both his critics convincingly demonstrate, it is impossible to accept the Toynbee system and have a very meaningful conception of human freedom left. What freedom did the inhabitants of Mr. Toynbee's twenty-odd civilizations enjoy once the phase of disintegration had set in? How can they be held responsible for develop-



ments so plainly—and by definition—beyond their control? And, as Mr. Berlin observes of the ritualistic anti-determinist remarks made by determinist authors, "These protestations too often turn out to be mere lip-service to principles which those who profess them do not really believe," because those who incline to the impersonal interpretations of historical change "are committed by it to placing the ultimate responsibility for what happens upon impersonal or 'trans-personal' or 'super-personal' entities or 'forces,' the evolution of which is regarded as being identical with human history." These forces are something more than mere convenient collective terms for individuals possessing certain characteristics in common; they become for their acolytes more "real" and more "concrete" than the individuals who compose them.

For the working historian, on the other hand, there is no escape from the interpretation of history by individuals in terms of the purposes and characters of other individuals. For him, history is far too rich, streaming, and evanescent to be contained in a single interpretation or seen from a single perspective. The historian, as Mr. Berlin finely says, "does not perceive one unique schema as the truth—the only real framework in which alone the facts truly lie; he does not distinguish the one real, cosmic pattern from false ones, as he certainly seeks to distinguish real facts from fiction. The same facts can be arranged in many patterns, seen from many perspectives, displayed in many lights, all of them equally valid, although some will be more suggestive or fertile in one field than in another."

YET FOR the Toynbee school—despite surface disclaimers—such pluralism remains heresy. Dr. Toynbee himself quotes Q. Aurelius Symmachus—"The heart of so great a mystery can never be reached by following one road only"—but obviously does not believe it. For him, one pattern, one perspective, is better than all the rest—not only better from the viewpoint of explaining history but, far more important, from the viewpoint of saving mankind. This is why, no doubt, Dr. Toynbee remarked so fiercely to Professor Geyl in their BBC debate a few years ago, "The fate of the world—the destiny of mankind—is involved in the issue between us about the nature of history."

If this is so, it may be well for the layman to understand more clearly the difference between those who regard history as the inexorable unrolling of a single, complete, and all-embracing vision, and those who regard it as intractable and uncontainable diversity in an open and unfinished universe—between those for whom its function is to record the unalterable growth and decay of civilizations and those for whom its function is to express the crucial importance of individual acts of choice. It may not be too much to say that the difference between these two conceptions means, in the end, the difference between slavery and freedom as the eventual lot of humanity.

SEEKING ADVENTURE . . . NEW INTERESTS?

Now is the time to join the 1956 group of men and women fifty-five and over who will embark next fall on a nine-month period of creative living designed to build new interests for their leisure years, at Cold Spring Institute in the Hudson Highlands. Entrance requirements: Good health and a college background or equivalent. Cost is moderate. For illustrated brochure, other literature, write

Office of the Secretary
COLD SPRING INSTITUTE
Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, New York

Sponsored by the Walt Foundation, Inc., a non-profit organization

A magnificent gift for the couple with inquiring minds and inquiring children . . .

THE COLUMBIA ENCYCLOPEDIA

The "best one-volume encyclopedia in English." 2235 pages, 6,100,000 words, 70,000 articles. $35 at bookstores

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Looking for a publisher? Learn how we can publish, promote and distribute your book, as we have done for hundreds of others. All subjects considered. New writers welcomed. Author satisfaction has made Vantage the nation's seventh largest publisher. Write today for booklet R. It's free.

Vantage Press, Inc., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y.
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28
In Wash., D. C.: 1010 Vermont Ave., N.W.

LET ME FIND THE BOOK YOU WANT
madeleine swarte
book scout
free search service
literary specialist research
124 South 3rd Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

It's Quick, Easy, Fun To Learn A LANGUAGE by LINGUAPHONE

AT HOME, quickly, easily, correctly, master **FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, JAPANESE, RUSSIAN, MODERN GREEK** — any of 34 languages, by Linguaphone World's Standard Conversational Method. Go places—add to business, school, cultural, travel, armed services' opportunities. Save time, work, money. Over a million home study students of all ages. Write for FREE book TODAY. Linguaphone Institute, 157-125 Radio City, N. Y. 20.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Notes

THE GUILTY MIND: PSYCHIATRY AND THE LAW OF HOMICIDE, by John Biggs, Jr. *Harcourt, Brace. $4.50.*

Mr. Biggs, chief judge of the Third Judicial Circuit of the United States, here traces in nontechnical language the development of the *mens rea* theory of criminal responsibility. As applied to insane persons, this doctrine, with its phrenological acceptance of the reality of monomania, is still followed slavishly in English and American courts as it is embalmed in the M'Naghten Rules of 1843, though psychiatry has long since demonstrated the indivisibility of insanity. Judge Biggs advocates putting the criminally insane in institutions before they are "guilty" of homicide.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER, by Walter Lord. *Holt. $3.50.*

No matter how many times the story is told, the sinking of the *Titanic* is a drama that greater loss of life in the subsequent wars has never obscured. Perhaps this is because men kill deliberately in war and die in the foreknowledge of their peril, but the *Titanic's* passengers, and indeed the ship's captain, were trapped unprepared by cruel chance. That makes death harder to accept: Walter Lord's account of the great ship's last hours is a quiet one and finely detailed.

THE PIPE, by Georges Herment. Translated by Arthur L. Hayward, with a foreword by Stephen Potter. *Simon and Schuster. $4.95.*

If smoking is a nervous mechanism, a neurotic desire to be forever doing something with hands and mouth, then the pipe, with all its attendant paraphernalia and rituals, is surely the most agreeable form of the vice. Here then is a charming and copiously illustrated textbook for those who would be snobs about their smoking.

A CURRIER & IVES TREASURY, edited by Colin Simkin. *Crown Publishers. $10.*

"Juvenile, motto pictures, kittens, domestic scenes, ladies heads, flowers and fruits, floral emblems, religious and moral, family registers, certificates, national and patriotic, portraits, for schools, store cards and miscellaneous."

Thus read a catalogue explaining hand-colored lithographs published between 1835 and 1898 by Nathaniel Currier and James Merritt Ives.

For us they offer documentation of the growth of America in the nineteenth century, but when they first came out they gave a sense of national belonging to a scattered public. They had immeasurable importance in supplying almost the only source of popular communication between the urban seaboard and the expanding frontiers.

These were popular prints in every sense of the word, direct and literal, with little influence from the sophistication of Europe. Their genre interpretation had great ingenuity, imagination, and inventiveness.

Mr. Simkin has done a superb job in selecting eighty of almost seven thousand known prints, many never reproduced in color before.

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS, by Rumer Godden. *Viking.* $3.50.

Here is a bright, sunlit clearing into which the grateful reader emerges from the sex-infested forests of contemporary fiction—rediscovering the fact that truth is visible in daylight as in the dark, and that a graceful story, of children in a London slum, can yet be powerful.

MATHEW BRADY: HISTORIAN WITH A CAMERA, by James D. Horan. Picture collation by Gertrude Horan. More than five hundred illustrations. *Crown Publishers. $7.50.*

It is not just the Civil War pictures (although nothing has ever brought that war closer to us) and it is not just the magnificent presence of Lincoln (which without Brady we would never have felt so clearly) that make the inestimable value of this collection. It is also the photographs of the forgotten politicians, the portraits of stage people and singers, the simplest street scenes and landscapes in their stark accuracy, that give body to an America that is close to us still and yet so far. The extraordinary record contained in this book, together with its informative and lively text, makes an invaluable companion for the reading of our history.

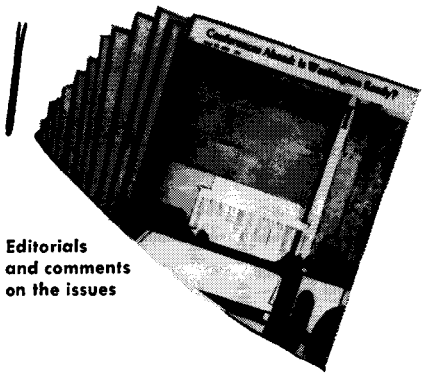
ITALY BUILDS (L'ITALIA COSTRUISCE): ITS MODERN ARCHITECTURE AND NATIVE INHERITANCE. Photographs by the author, G. E. Kidder Smith. *Reinhold. $10.*

Here is an architect whose purpose, brilliantly accomplished, is to find out and explain why it is that Italian building has been so magnificent in the past and is still of such interest —a technical task. What is peculiar is that the resulting book is fascinating to the layman. This is ascribable partly to the author's avoidance of architectural jargon, partly to the surprising fact that his photographs, taken deliberately for their expository value, prove far superior to the usual travel book photographs taken for art's sake. Mr. Kidder Smith traveled up and down Italy. He is well justified in furnishing an Italian as well as an English text, since his survey, reasoning, and judgment are solid enough to interest Italian architects and laymen as much as they do Americans.

THE OXFORD NURSERY RHYME BOOK, assembled by Iona and Peter Opie. *Oxford University Press. $4.50.*

Bookworms tell us that many nursery rhymes are actually nothing but outdated political satires, and head shrinkers inform us that fantasies of the farmer's wife who cut off the tails of three blind mice with a carving knife are apt to put a nasty kink in a tot's psyche. But for all depraved parents still determined to corrupt their offspring with such grisly narratives as that of the frog who would a-wooing go whether his mother would let him or no (Heigh ho! says Rowley), this delightful collection is surely to be recommended as the best now in print. *The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes,* by the same editors, is the definitive work, but far too unwieldy for lap reading, toe tickling, and rough-and-tumble knee rides. Younger enthusiasts will also prefer the charming woodcuts, many of which date from the eighteenth century and several of which were done by the unrivaled Thomas Bewick.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editorials and comments on the issues of the day by Max Ascoli . . . Reports from abroad by Claire Sterling, Edmond Taylor, Ray Alan . . . Reports on what is happening in the United States by William Lee Miller, William Harlan Hale, Lin Root, Anthony Lewis, Richard H. Rovere, Robert Bendiner, General Thomas R. Phillips, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Henry Steele Commager, Eric Sevareid, and by our Washington Editor, Douglass Cater . . . Reports on music, television, theater, books, and other aspects of the arts by Marya Mannes, Sidney Alexander, Mark Van Doren, Goddard Lieberson, Martin Mayer . . . Fiction by Ray Bradbury, Tambimuttu, Robert Ardrey.

FOR YOUR FRIENDS

A twofold gift this holiday season – two thoughtful gifts in one for thoughtful people . . .

- THE REPORTER Magazine – arriving 24 times during the coming year, bringing information that cannot be found anywhere else, new facts and new ideas from the world over. *Must* reading for this election year.
- THE REPORTER READER – a collection (over 300 pages) of outstanding articles, short stories, and editorials published by THE REPORTER in the past six years, a sample of the writing that has brought increasing prestige to THE REPORTER. A book to be read and reread – both because of the information it contains and because it makes good reading.

NOTE: THE REPORTER READER accompanying your gift subscriptions will be a pre-publication copy just now coming off the presses of Doubleday & Company. (Doubleday will sell THE REPORTER READER in the nation's bookstores early next year, but with your gift subscription the READER is free.)

NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF REPORTER CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES and to be sure of giving an appropriate gift to friends:

- First Gift–one-year subscription to THE REPORTER, plus THE REPORTER READER–costs only $5 (usual price of the magazine alone).
- Second Gift – THE REPORTER and THE REPORTER READER – costs only $4, saving you $1.
- Third and subsequent gifts – THE REPORTER and THE REPORTER READER – cost only $3.50 each, saving you $1.50 on each.

Your gifts of THE REPORTER and THE REPORTER READER will be announced to your friends with a Christmas greeting card sent in your name.

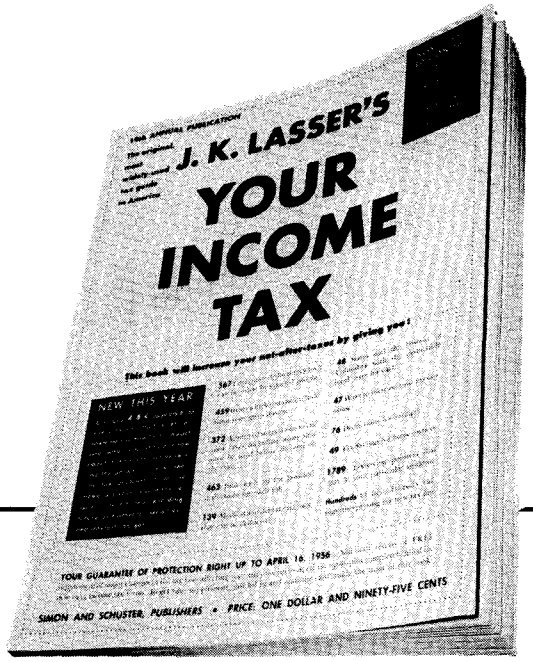
And if you wish to enter or renew your own subscription now (*no matter when it expires*), you are offering a gift to yourself – you will receive a pre-publication copy of THE REPORTER READER at no extra cost. Send no money now, unless you prefer to do so. We'll gladly bill you after January 1, 1956.

Airmail your order today – using the Gift Order Form bound in this copy of THE REPORTER. You can be sure that your gifts will be appreciated by your friends.

For delivery by Christmas, be sure to airmail the Order Form today!

136 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A guaranteed way of adding at least $100 to your net* income—without risking a penny

We urge you not to even think of figuring your 1955 Income Tax without having, at your side, a copy of the latest edition of J. K. Lasser's YOUR INCOME TAX. The book costs $1.95. It may save you up to $2,000. It *must* save you at least $100 or you get your money back.

Here's what you will find in this book:

372 Approved ways to reduce your taxes—*including many steps which should be taken before the end of the year.*

567 Legitimate deductions which can be made by salaried people. (There is no way of guessing at them; you have to see the check lists.)

459 Items which you can exclude from your gross income.

463 *Job-and-Profession Check Lists:* with all possible approved deductions for each job and profession.

48 State-by-State Check Lists: with all deductible local taxes for each state.

139 Medical and Dental expenses that can be deducted (See new 1954 liberalized rates.)

47 Ways to increase your exemptions (Watch for new exemptions for dependents.)

76 Deductions for farmers.

49 Tax savings for Home Owners (The new law has changes of enormous importance to you.)

1789 Tax saving pointers that may fit your particular situation.

The revolutionary Eisenhower tax law changes offer you by far the biggest opportunities for saving tax money since before the war. Just because there are so many new deductions, exemptions, ways of saving—the tax form, is becoming more and more complicated. That's why it is vital for you to have the help offered by J. K. Lasser's YOUR INCOME TAX—new 1956 edition. It will save you many hours of work in addition to saving you money.

When you use this book it is like having an expert at your elbow making sure you take advantage of every last saving available to you. Mail the coupon today. Under this unusual guarantee, you must save at least $100, or you can return the book for refund anytime up to April 16, 1956.

***net after-tax income. (A saving of $100 on your Income Tax is equal to putting an extra $100 in your pocket.)**

Note to People Who Use Tax Experts to Prepare Their Returns:

Don't make the mistake of assuming that your accountant will catch every last deduction you are entitled to. Surveys show that millions of taxpayers overlook tax savings by not telling the tax expert all he needs to know to find their lowest tax. You alone can spot *all* income that you can receive free of tax and all the deductible expenditures that will cut your tax. A quick glance down the checklists is likely to bring to mind a dozen items you hadn't thought of. You risk nothing. You may save a sizable sum.

MAIL THIS GUARANTEE COUPON TODAY AND ALSO RECEIVE FREE LASSER'S 50 BEST TAX SAVINGS IDEAS and FILLED-IN TAX RETURNS

To your Bookseller or,
Simon and Schuster, Publishers, Tax Dept. T-47
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

Rush me ..... copies of the new 1956 YOUR INCOME TAX by J. K. Lasser. I enclose $1.95 per copy. If this book does not save me at least $100, I may return it for refund any time up to April 16, 1956.

FREE BONUS: *THE 50 BEST TAX SAVINGS IDEAS* and *FILLED-IN TAX RETURNS* are mine to keep free regardless of whether I return YOUR INCOME TAX.

NAME.....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

N. Y. C. residents please add 3% city sales tax

TWO FREE MONEY MAKING BONUSES FOR YOU

1. LASSER'S 50 BEST TAX SAVINGS IDEAS:
A gold mine of money making ideas and savings for your family, your job, your investments and your business. Any one of these ideas may be worth hundreds of dollars to you—increase your income after taxes. This valuable booklet is yours to keep free of charge, regardless of whether or not you return the Income Tax Guide for refund.

2. FILLED-IN TAX RETURNS:
In addition, as soon as the new tax forms are released, you will receive a special 16-page booklet of individual tax returns completely filled in. This will save you endless time and headaches—and make sure you don't overlook any savings. A copy is yours free, whether or not you keep the 1956 YOUR INCOME TAX under this unusual guarantee.

Simon and Schuster, Publishers, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2004 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED